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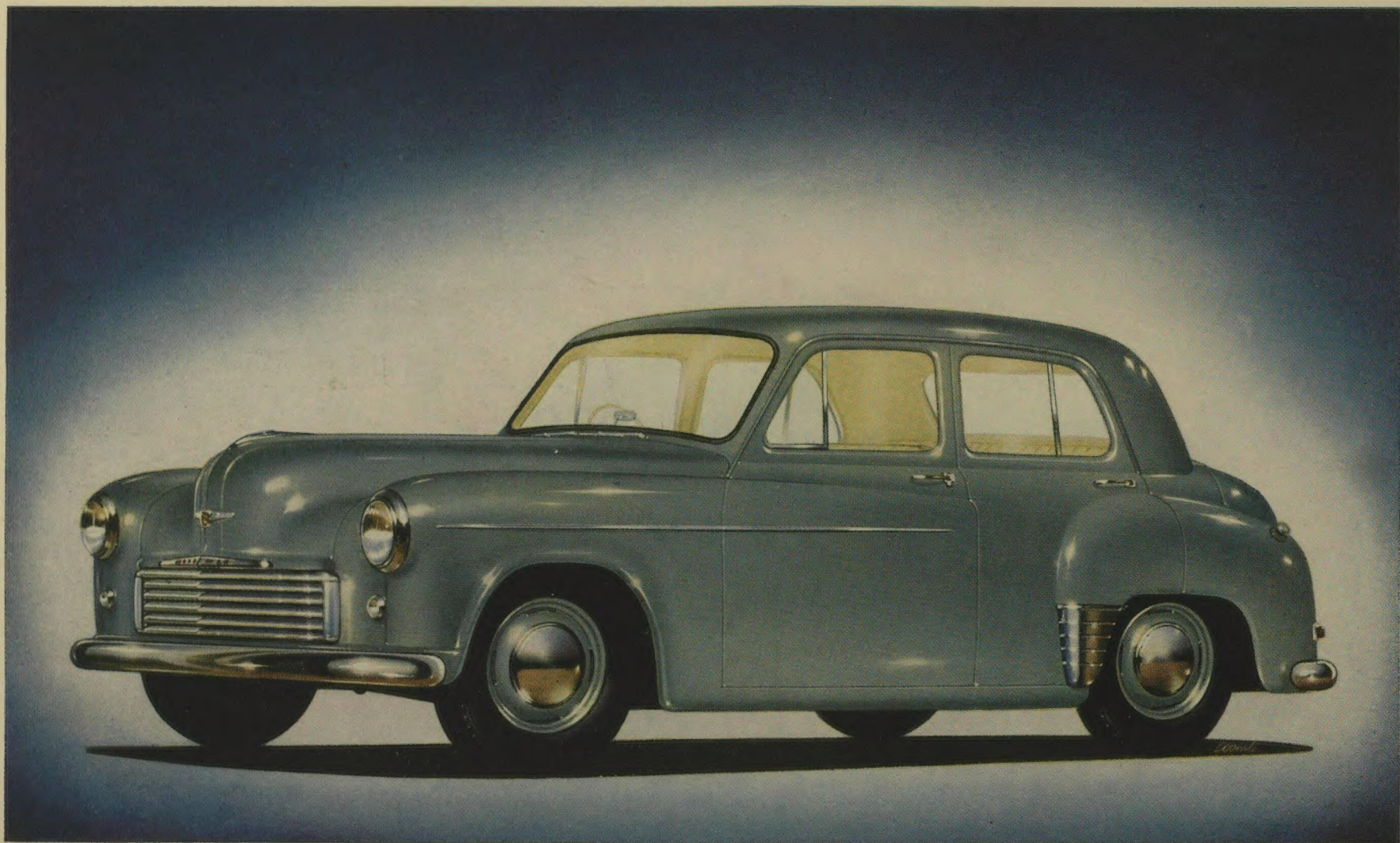
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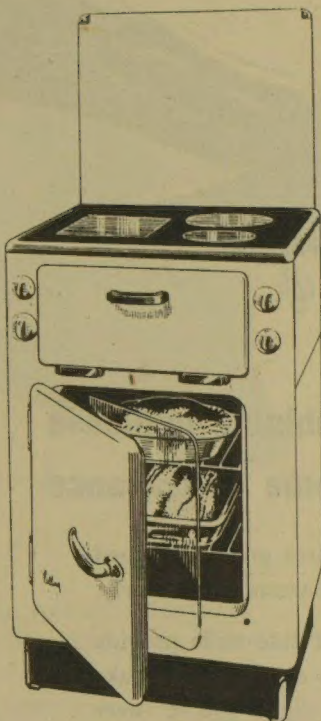
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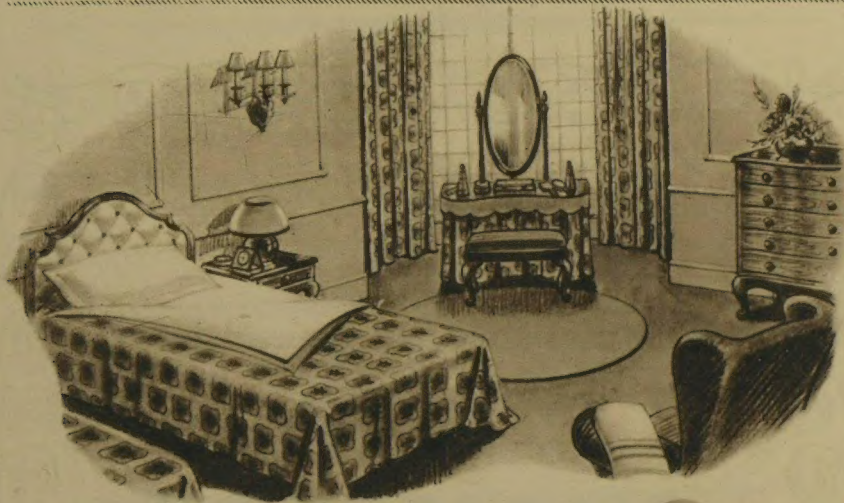


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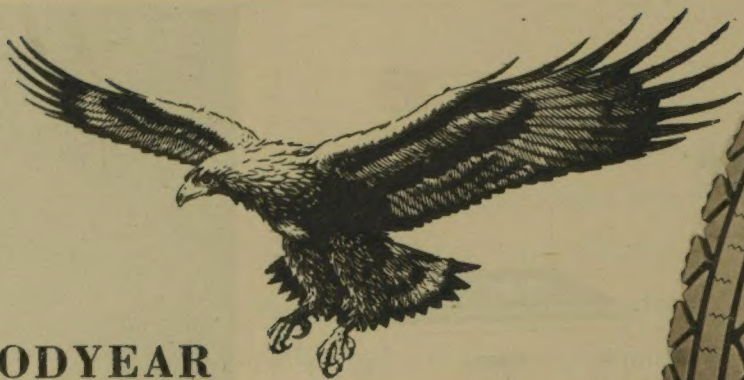
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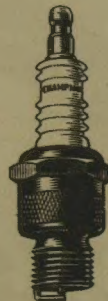
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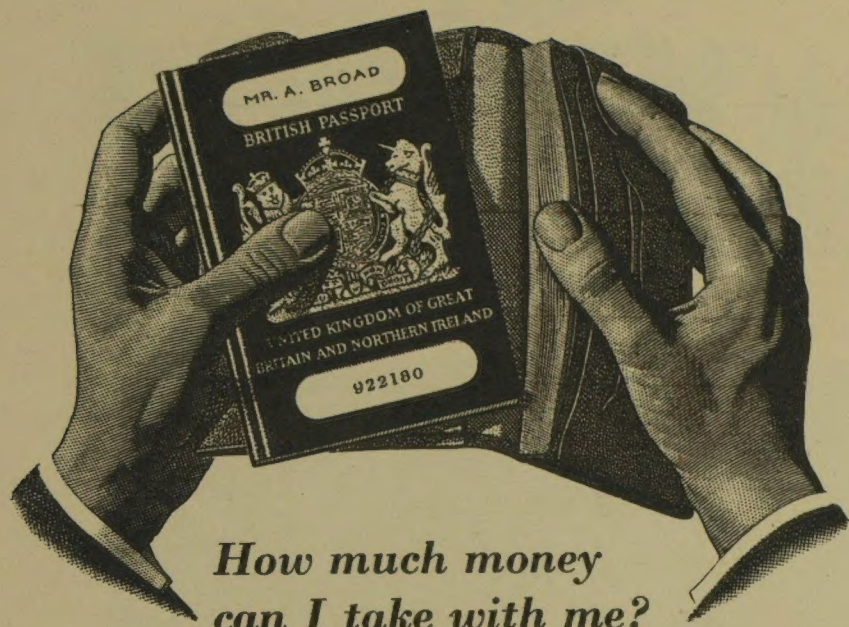


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THIS IS THE HALF-HOUR when the day ends and the evening begins. It is a time for adjustment—for changing gear, as it were. The hustle and bustle of a business day give place to the more leisured, measured pace of evening. One becomes pleasantly aware of the good fellowship about one, the excellent dinner not far off, the fine wine and the impeccable attention . . . On most evenings at the Connaught Rooms, these are the feelings of as many as 2,500 people. For, at the Connaught Rooms, no fewer than twenty of the most sumptuous banquetting halls are gathered together under one roof. In this, London has an amenity without equal anywhere on earth.

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## WINDOW ON THE FUTURE

A great new oil refinery with a projected capacity of 4,000,000 tons a year is being erected by Anglo-Iranian on the coast of Kent, at a cost of some £40,000,000. The company's three existing refineries in the United Kingdom already have a combined annual capacity of over 6,000,000 tons.

In many other countries the refineries operated by Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies are increasingly contributing to the world's supply of petroleum products.

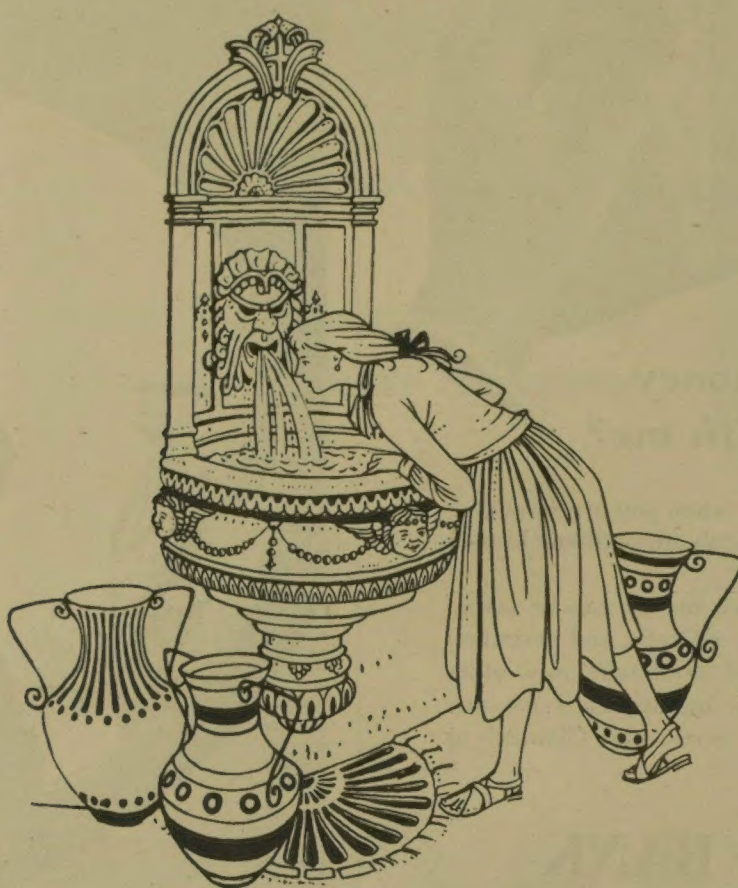
THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF



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## CHLORINE

**A** HUNDRED years ago in Great Britain typhoid fever and cholera were common water-borne diseases. To-day cholera is unknown and an outbreak of typhoid makes front page news. This improvement in public health reflects the unremitting care of all concerned with water purification. Of the major defence measures employed against pollution and disease, sterilisation by chlorine is one of the most important. Chlorine is a very active chemical which in nature is found only in combination with other substances, from which it must be isolated. The best known of these is common salt in which chlorine is combined with

sodium. The passing of an electric current through salt splits it into its constituent elements and releases chlorine in the form of a greenish-yellow gas, which is dried and liquefied and so made available for ready transport all over the world.

I.C.I. are large manufacturers of chlorine as well as producers of the salt from which it is obtained. In addition to having many uses as a sterilising agent, chlorine is an important raw material. Textiles, petrol, dyestuffs, paper, medicines, insecticides, anaesthetics and dry-cleaning fluids all need chlorine at some stage in their manufacture.





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1952.



**THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALASIA AND CEYLON: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO WERE DUE TO LEAVE LONDON AIRPORT FOR NAIROBI ON JANUARY 31, ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR JOURNEY.**

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to leave London by air on January 31 on the first stage of the journey which will take them to Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand, arriving in Nairobi on February 1. They have arranged to leave Mombasa in the *Gothic* on February 7 and are expected to reach Colombo, Ceylon,

on February 14. When in Kenya they will stay in their wedding-present home, Royal Lodge, which is illustrated elsewhere in this issue. Our new portrait of their Royal Highnesses, taken at Clarence House, shows the Princess wearing a slate-blue figured silk dress with a very full skirt. Her diamond bow brooch was a wedding gift from Queen Mary.

Photograph by Baron.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN his Silver Lecture at Columbia University on January 11, Mr. Eden postulated a tremendous question. In a sense, indeed, he answered it. For, speaking of the idealistic, but rather uninformed, popular American demand, supported in certain quarters in this country, that Britain should merge her political sovereignty and insular position in a European Continental Federation, he replied: "This is something which we know in our bones we cannot do. . . . For Britain's story and her interests lie far beyond the Continent of Europe. Our thoughts move across the seas, to the many communities in which our people play their part in every corner of the world. That is our life; without it we should be no more than some millions of people living on an island off the coast of Europe."

That is very true. Not to understand it is to be ignorant of our history, though very many people are, including many in this country. So much of our energy in the past few centuries has gone into peopling, and into association with, the further shores of our circumambient oceans that to forget it and sink back into a purely European community would be to cut in half a living entity and, by cutting it in half, to destroy it. It would be like doing what the disgruntled politicians of the Southern States tried to do in the 1850's and '60's: to break the Union. Political ties between man and man are built up with far too much difficulty, and take far too long in the process, for intemperate and thoughtless statesmen to break lightly. They cannot be made or altered by a stroke of the pen. An Englishman and a New Zealander living 14,000 miles apart can co-operate in political matters far more easily than an Englishman and a Frenchman living only thirty miles apart. Their political beliefs, indeed, are almost identical; those of an Englishman and a Frenchman are not. This is because, where human hearts are concerned—and political association depends in the last resort on hearts—history is more important than geography.

From the lone shieling  
of the misty island  
Mountains divide us and  
the waste of seas—  
Yet still the blood is  
strong, the heart is  
Highland,  
And we in dreams behold  
the Hebrides.

There is another reason why Britain cannot turn her back on the great trans-oceanic family that has sprung from her loins. This reason, though Americans, who do not have to face Britain's harsh realities, find it hard to understand, is economic. If Britain is to be regarded only as a geographical, and therefore political, part of Europe, her population is at least twice and probably three times too big. Only 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 people can be adequately supported from her soil.

At the beginning of the last century her population was about 15,000,000; to-day it is around 50,000,000. The increase was only made possible because nineteenth-century Britain, with her face turned, not towards Europe, but towards the oceans, threw her coat over the moon and boldly staked her future on building up, with her coal and iron, capital credit and skilled industrial personnel, trans-oceanic countries, some of her own and some of alien race, far exceeding the extent of her own soil. She did not stop to calculate how she should feed the vastly increased industrial population needed to support this titanic operation; she poured out her resources and intensified her manufacturing energies unheeding, trusting to the primary lands she financed, and supplied with the wherewithal to make the wilderness fruitful, to send her the food to feed the mouths of her ever-expanding factory hands. They still do so, though it is sobering to notice, and highly significant, that the trans-oceanic communities of her own race and allegiance are far more consistent in doing so, even under growing difficulties, than those of alien race and allegiance, who, not unnaturally, like the Argentine, cease to send us food whenever it ceases to be to their immediate advantage to do so. So insubstantial is seen to be the intellectual's thesis that integrated societies need for their making not centuries of association but only rational suggestion and propaganda. It is astonishing how loosely men, and often so-called clever men, whose bread is borne to them daily across the seas, can forget these elementary truths or even appear totally unaware of them. It is a poor contribution to international relationships to encourage foreigners, who are naturally not conscious of them, to treat them as non-existent.

Mr. Eden is right. We can only forgo our links with Oceania at the expense of forgoing our links with life itself. We do not only know it in our bones; we know it, or should know it if we wish to live at all, in our bellies.

We must associate with our own kith and kin, we must trade across the oceans to live, we must keep the seas round us and round our world-wide trade-routes free of danger, or we may one day perish in a night as a man whose windpipe has been split. No integrated European armies, no million British dead on Somme and Yser, no armoured divisions on Rhine or Elbe can avail us anything if our dinner ceases to be despatched to us or if it, and the wherewithal by which we have to pay for it, are sent to the bottom of the ocean or blockaded in their ports of departure. That is the ever-present strategic reality on which we have to base all our actions and make all our plans. We cannot ignore it without writing "*Finis*" to our history.

Yet there is another aspect, both of our present situation and of our history—for the one springs from the other—which brings us, in this matter of European federation, nearer to the American and Continental point of view than either we or our allies seem to realise. We are both an oceanic Commonwealth and a European State, and we should never have become the former if we had not been the latter. The ideas of unity, justice and human brotherhood which we carried with us overseas, and the social discipline and political integration which enabled us to do so, we owed to the fact that we had been for centuries part of a great and mutually educative European community. We owed it to Augustine the Italian, to William

the Norman, to Henry of Anjou and Simon de Montfort and a thousand more; even to Caesar the Roman, who conquered Gaul and chastened Britain.

Any man with the root of history in him who crosses the Channel and travels through Europe must become aware how closely all that is finest in our own cultural heritage responds to all that is finest in that of France and Italy, Scandinavia and the Low Countries, Germany and Austria, Spain and Portugal, Greece and Illyria. A united and integrated Western Europe is not a pipe-dream conceived in Great Turnstile Street or Tudor Street; it is as much a reality of our own history and tradition as Drake's voyage round the world, or the crossing of the Atlantic by the Pilgrim Fathers. Indeed, one might almost say more so, for the one preceded the other.

Is it really any more difficult for an Englishman to co-operate, in trade, in battle, in the pursuit of public and international order, with a Frenchman, a German or an Italian than it is with a Bombay Brahmin, a Pathan or a Sea Dyak? Yet if

we can perform the latter feat without sacrificing our oceanic heritage—and we can—we can surely perform the former too. The two ideals proffered us as alternatives by our well-wishers are not necessarily alternatives at all. They can be made complementary so long as in any integration with Europe, military, political or economic, we do nothing to destroy or endanger the sea commonwealth of which we are an inherent and essential part. There is nothing, for instance, to prevent us using part of our Army in a European Army, provided we and our European partners keep clearly in mind that Britain's first strategic duty—not only to herself but to Europe—is to maintain the ocean and air communications that link Britain and Europe to the outer world, and that part of Britain's Army, or Europe's, will always be needed to garrison the strong-points along those communications. There is nothing new in such a conception; in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the British Army was integrated with a North German or Hanoverian Army, just as later it was integrated with an Indian Army. The more closely Britons co-operate with their fellow-Europeans beyond the North Sea and Channel, the better, provided that they continue to associate as now with their kinsmen in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Rhodesias, and their Asiatic and African partners in the great free Commonwealth they have founded. The capacity for such co-operation is, perhaps, the most valuable single factor in our national genius, and it would be a betrayal as well as a tragedy if we were to fail, through lack of imagination and adaptability, to use it at this critical juncture, for the salvation of Europe. Nor can I believe that we shall fail to do so.

#### BEFORE LEAVING FOR OSLO: THE BRITISH OLYMPIC SKI TEAM.



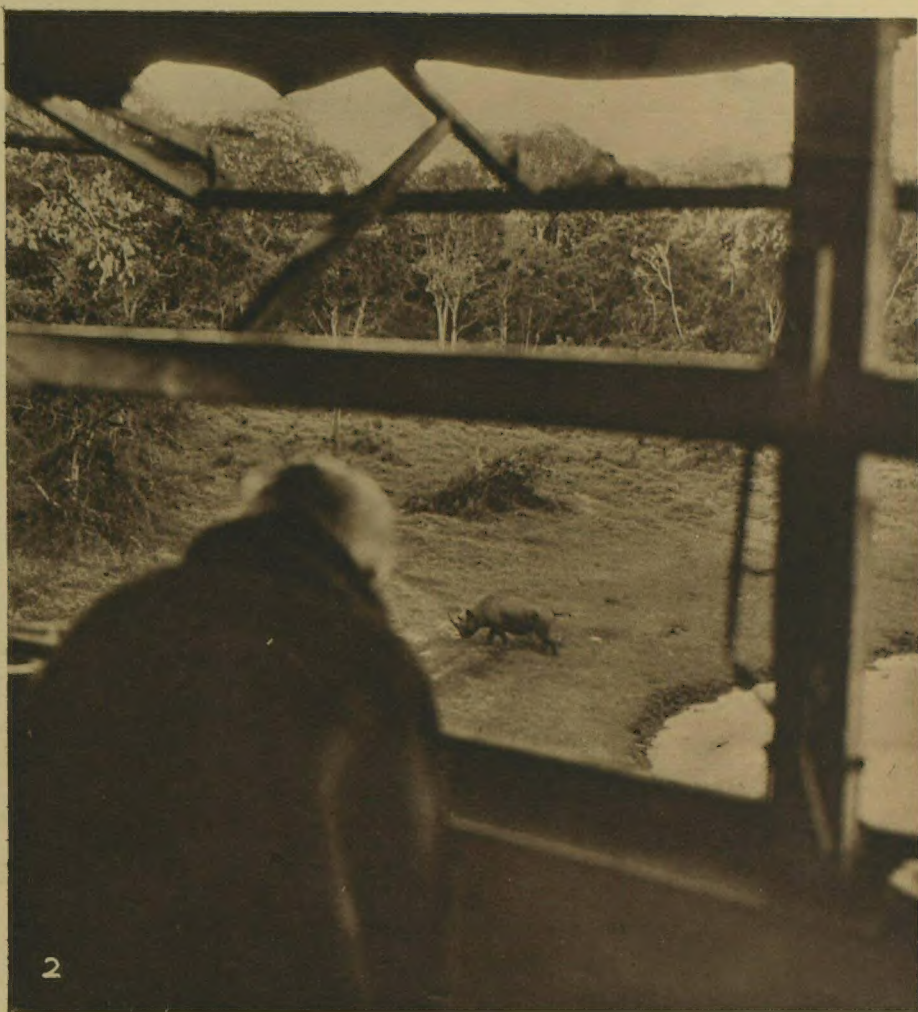
ON THE EVE OF THEIR DEPARTURE FOR OSLO: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC SKI TEAM PHOTOGRAPHED AT MÜRREN WITH FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY ON JANUARY 26.

On January 27 the British Olympic ski team left for Oslo, where the VI. Olympic Winter Games are taking place this year from February 14 to 25. Our photograph taken in Mürren on the eve of their departure, shows (l. to r.) J. Boyagis; R. De Larrinaga; Miss S. Mackintosh; Miss F. Campbell; Max Bertsch (coach); Field Marshal Lord Montgomery (President, Kandahar Ski Club); Mr. Arnold Lunn; Miss H. Laing and Miss V. Mackintosh. The women have been trained by Max Bertsch, a member of the famous Davos ski-ing family. On January 27 all the selected racers gathered at Zurich to fly to Oslo. The Ski Club of Great Britain, the national body responsible for entering British teams in International Events, owns a well-equipped mountain hut at Norefjell, in which the team are being accommodated. Both the teams are in charge of the manager and non-racing captain, Mr. Peter Waddell, vice-captain of the 1948 British Olympic Ski Team, who took over from Mr. Arnold Lunn this year.

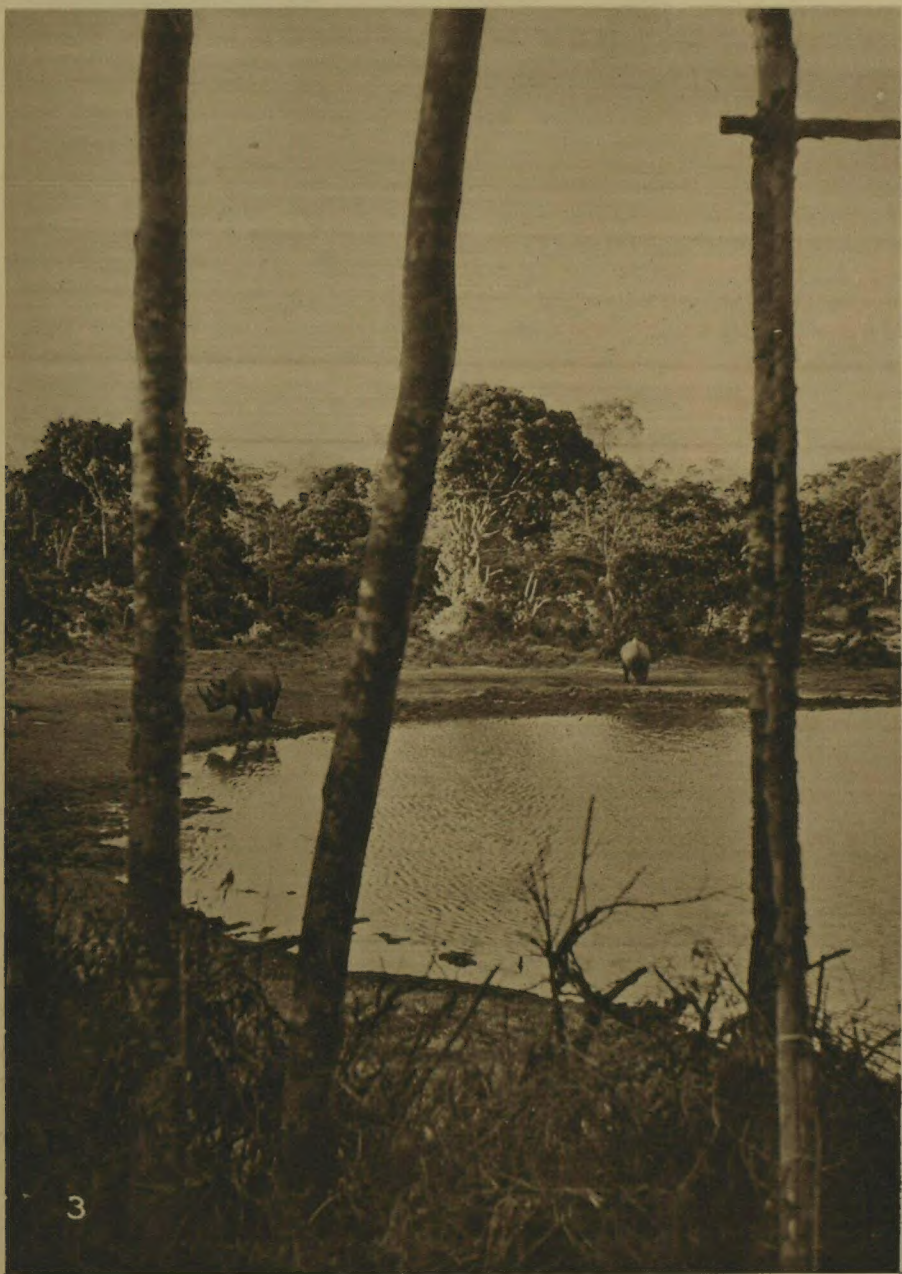




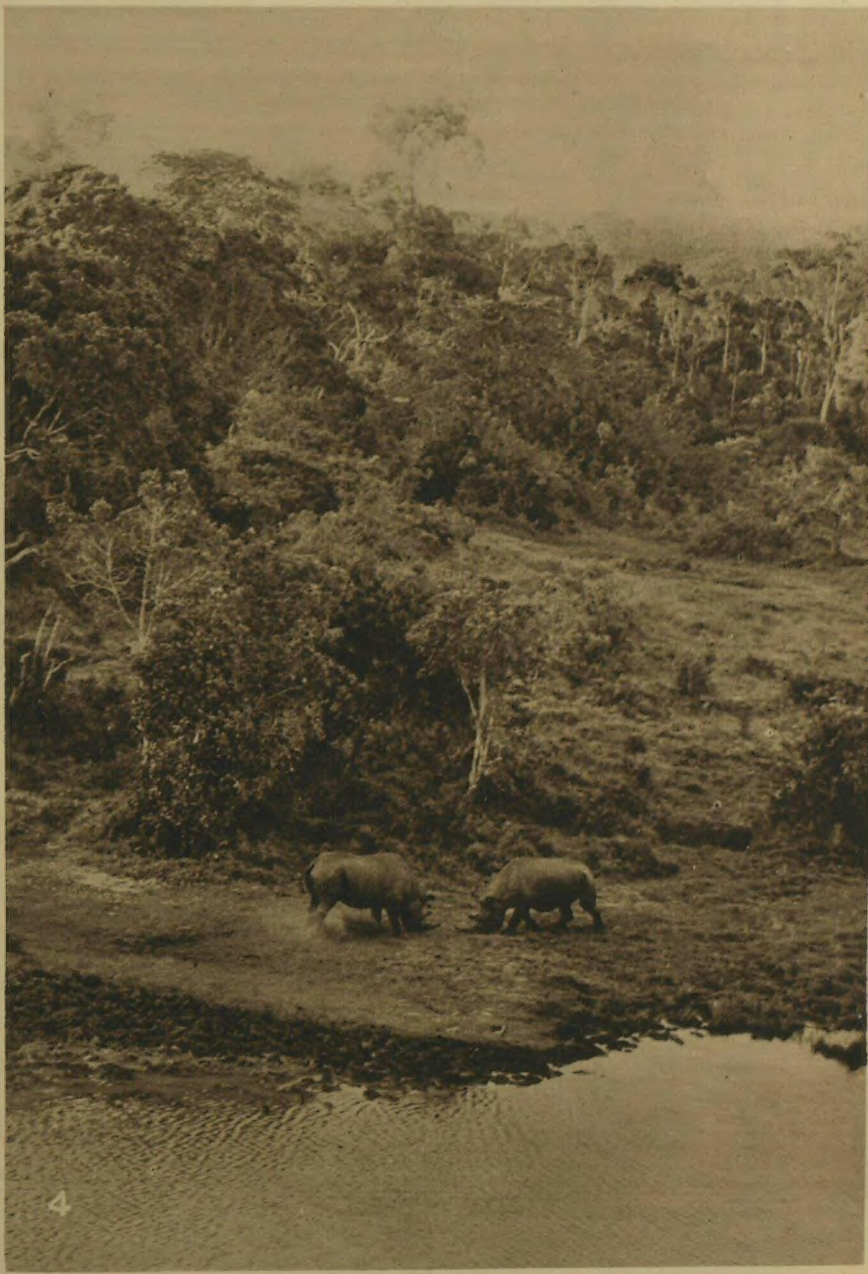
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AT THE "TREETOPS HOTEL," IN THE ABERDARE FOREST IN KENYA, WHERE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL SEE SOME OF THE COLONY'S MAGNIFICENT BIG GAME: (1) THE "TREETOPS HOTEL," WITH CAPTAIN WALKER (RIGHT); (2) GUESTS ON THE BALCONY WATCH THE APPROACH OF THE FIRST RHINO; (3) TWO RHINOS BESIDE THE POOL, WHO LATER (4) BEGAN A BRIEF FIGHT.

WHERE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL WATCH KENYA'S MAGNIFICENT BIG GAME:  
THE "TREETOPS HOTEL," IN THE ABERDARE FOREST.

When Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are staying at Sagana Lodge, on the slopes of Mt. Kenya, during their visit to Kenya, a trip has been arranged for them to the "Treetops Hotel." This is a remarkable observation-post built in the branches of a huge tree beside a waterhole in the depths of the Aberdare Forest, and is an enterprise started by a famous hunter, Captain Walker,

and his wife. Visitors are brought by car to within a quarter of a mile of the post and then go by foot through a jungle full of rhino, elephant, leopard and various poisonous snakes. Along the path are numerous ladders, in case of any attack. From the comfortable "hotel" observation-post, visitors can watch the life of the jungle at close range, but in perfect safety.





A BRITISH PATROL MOVING THROUGH A SNIPER-RIDDEN AREA OF ISMAILIA AND SEARCHING FOR TERRORISTS ON THE DAY BEFORE BRITISH TROOPS MOVED IN TO CONTROL THE SOUTH-WEST AREA OF THE TOWN.



THE MOTHER SUPERIOR AND A NUN OF THE CONVENT OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, ISMAILIA, WHERE AN IRISH-AMERICAN NUN WAS KILLED DURING FIGHTING BETWEEN BRITISH AND EGYPTIANS.



LOOKING OVER THE TURRET OF A CENTURION TANK DOWN AN ISMAILIA STREET AFTER BRITISH TROOPS MOVED INTO THE SOUTH-WEST QUARTER TO KEEP ORDER, ON JANUARY 20.



BRITISH SOLDIERS AT AN IMPROVISED BARRICADE IN AN ISMAILIA STREET, WHICH MARKED THE LIMIT OF SOUTH-WEST ISMAILIA TAKEN OVER ON JANUARY 20.

In a skirmish between British troops and Egyptian terrorists on January 19 near the Convent of St. Vincent de Paul at Ismailia, an Irish-American nun, Sister Anthony, was shot and killed, exactly by whom it was not definitely established at the date of writing. On the following day British troops moved into the south-west quarter of Ismailia to establish control of this base and hot-bed of

## MOUNTING TENSION IN ISMAILIA: SCENES BEFORE THE BATTLE FOR THE POLICE H.Q.



AFTER BRITISH TROOPS HAD MOVED INTO ISMAILIA: A CENTURION TANK FRAMED BETWEEN THE SUPPORTS OF A BRIDGE OVER THE SWEET-WATER CANAL.



RESTORING ORDER IN ISMAILIA: A BREN-GUNNER AT A STREET CORNER IN A RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT, WHILE A TANK COMMANDER SCANS THE DISTANCE THROUGH BINOCULARS.

terrorists. This control was strengthened on the following day and on January 22 extended to the residential quarter. On the night of January 23-24, a British ammunition dump between Ismailia and Fayid was blown up by saboteurs. The week's tension culminated on January 25, when the police headquarters in Ismailia, as reported on other pages, were seized by British forces.





THE ASSAULT ON THE ISMAILIA POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUILDINGS: BRITISH TROOPS CHARGING WITH FIXED BAYONETS INTO A COURTYARD, UNDER EGYPTIAN FIRE. TANK GUNS AND TANKS THEMSELVES WERE USED TO BREACH THE OUTER WALLS.



UNDER COVER OF THE GUNS OF AN ARMoured CAR AND A TANK (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) A BRITISH STRETCHER-PARTY MOVES IN AMONG THE RUINS OF THE POLICE BUILDINGS IN ISMAILIA TO PICK UP A CASUALTY. BRITISH CASUALTIES IN THE ENGAGEMENT WERE THREE KILLED AND THIRTEEN WOUNDED.

#### THE FIGHTING FOR THE ISMAILIA POLICE H.Q.: AN ASSAULT WITH FIXED BAYONETS; AND COLLECTING THE WOUNDED.

On January 25 British forces under General Erskine's command in the Canal Zone began the disarmament of the Egyptian auxiliary police in Ismailia, with the approval of his Majesty's Government. This action was taken only after every effort had been made to persuade the Egyptian Government to bring these auxiliary police under control. These police had either condoned terrorist

activities or had taken part in them. When they refused to surrender, the police headquarters in Ismailia, the Caracol and the group of buildings known as the Bureau Sanitaire (in which the majority of the auxiliaries were sheltered) were attacked by British forces and 790 Egyptian police taken into custody. The great majority of these were auxiliaries.





A BAYONET ASSAULT BY LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS ON THE BUREAU SANITAIRE, WHERE THE PRINCIPAL BODY OF THE EGYPTIAN AUXILIARY POLICE WERE STATIONED.



AFTER A CENTURION TANK HAD BREACHED THE WALL OF THE BUREAU SANITAIRE, INFANTRY OF THE 1ST BN., THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS FOLLOWED; AND HERE BRITISH TROOPS ARE SEEN TAKING COVER BY THE TANK AND A NEARBY TREE.

THE ASSAULT ON THE ISMAILIA BUREAU SANITAIRE, WHERE 600 EGYPTIAN AUXILIARY POLICE EVENTUALLY SURRENDERED.

The action which culminated in the seizure of the Egyptian police H.Q. in Ismailia began at dawn on January 25, when a troop of *Centurion* tanks of the 4th Royal Tank Regiment, armoured cars of the Royal Dragoons and infantry of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, took up positions surrounding the Caracol, the headquarters of the regular police, and the Bureau Sanitaire, in which it was

known about 600 auxiliary police were stationed. An ultimatum was given and repeated several times, but was met with firing from the Bureau Sanitaire. A tank was ordered to fire a warning blank shot, but this only brought further firing. Firing continued for about two hours. When the Egyptian commander said that the police were resisting on orders from Cairo, the assault was ordered.





IN A LULL FOLLOWING THE FIGHTING, AND AFTER THE SUN HAD GOT UP A BRITISH ARMY STRETCHER-PARTY TAKES BACK A CASUALTY, PAST A COMMAND CAR.



DURING THE VARIOUS NEGOTIATIONS IN THE COURSE OF THE ACTION, EGYPTIAN SNIPERS WERE BUSY, AND HERE TROOPS IN A RESERVE AREA ARE SCATTERING TO COVER. THE SEIZURE OF THE ISMAILIA POLICE H.Q. : AS THE MORNING WORE ON, CASUALTIES WERE EVACUATED AND SNIPERS BUSY.

The assault on the Bureau Sanitaire in Ismailia began with mortar, tank and armoured-car fire and then a *Centurion* tank breached the outer wall and infantry charged in. During the advance across the courtyard the three British fatal casualties took place. There was more mortar fire and the tank advanced through a low building to the main police building. The infantry continued the assault and at 10.30 a.m. the first surrenders of auxiliary police

took place. The buildings were in a state of great confusion, with dead and wounded lying everywhere. The auxiliary police are normally armed with sticks, but inside this headquarters 552 rifles, sub-machine guns and pistols and more than 100,000 rounds of ammunition were found. Meanwhile, there had been no fighting at the Caracol and attempts were renewed to persuade the regular police stationed there to surrender.





MOST OF THE 600 PRISONERS TAKEN IN THE BUREAU SANITAIRE WERE TIRED, FRIGHTENED AND DIRTY: BUT THIS ONE, PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE, WAS STILL OBSTREPEROUS. THE POLICE IN THIS BUILDING WERE MOSTLY THE ILL-DISCIPLINED AUXILIARY POLICE.



LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS SEARCHING SOME OF THE EGYPTIAN POLICE FOR HIDDEN ARMS AFTER THEY HAD SURRENDERED IN THE ISMAILIA POLICE HEADQUARTERS, FOLLOWING THE ACTION IN WHICH FORTY-ONE EGYPTIANS AND THREE BRITISH SOLDIERS WERE KILLED.

#### TAKING AND SEARCHING PRISONERS: SCENES FOLLOWING THE ACTION IN WHICH THE ISMAILIA POLICE H.Q. WAS CAPTURED.

After the fall of the Bureau Sanitaire, in which about 600 Egyptian auxiliary police were taken prisoners and forty killed, prolonged attempts were made to persuade the regular police in the Caracol to surrender. A time-limit was given and later extended, but there was no sign of surrender and the Lancashire Fusiliers and the armoured cars of the Royal Dragoons opened fire with small arms and 2-pounders for about three minutes. After this firing, about twenty

regular police, well known and friendly to British Servicemen, walked out and shortly after the remainder followed. Only one Egyptian was killed and three wounded in this brief action. Another armoury and large quantities of ammunition were found in the building. Later in the day two police officers and fifty constables were allowed to return to their duties; and by the afternoon all was quiet in the shaken town.





SOME OF THE 790 EGYPTIAN POLICE WHO BECAME PRISONERS OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE CANAL ZONE AS THE RESULT OF THE SEIZURE OF TWO POLICE BUILDINGS IN ISMAILIA. (TOP) SOME OF THE RANK AND FILE PRISONERS SITTING IN AN IMPROVISED CAGE UNDER BRITISH GUARD; AND (BELOW) SENIOR EGYPTIAN POLICE OFFICERS UNDER GUARD.

**THE REGRETTABLE CONSEQUENCES OF EGYPTIAN FOLLY AND TERRORISM: EGYPTIAN POLICE ROUNDED UP DURING THE "BATTLE OF ISMAILIA" IN WHICH TWO POLICE HEADQUARTERS WERE TAKEN.**

On January 25 British troops under General Erskine's command assaulted and took by force the two main police headquarter buildings in Ismailia, in the Canal Zone. The action, in which infantry, tanks and armoured cars were employed, was the result of the refusal of the Egyptian police to surrender and lay down their arms. This surrender had been called for as a result of the Egyptian Government's threat to use force if British operations in the town were continued;

and more immediately to remove the threat to British security which lay in the behaviour of the ill-disciplined and dangerous auxiliary police. After heavy fighting which lasted three hours, and which resulted in the death of three British soldiers and forty-one Egyptian policemen, about 790 Egyptian police (of whom about 100 were regulars) surrendered. In one of the police buildings 552 rifles, sub-machine guns, pistols and over 100,000 rounds of ammunition were found.





**THE RETIRING GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA : FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER WHO IS TO RETURN TO ENGLAND THIS MONTH TO ASSUME OTHER RESPONSIBILITIES, AND HAS BEEN CREATED AN EARL BY HIS MAJESTY.**

Following Mr. Churchill's visit to Ottawa last month, it was generally assumed that Lord Alexander, Governor-General of Canada since 1946, would be called to new duties. It was no surprise when it was announced that he would relinquish his appointment as Governor-General on January 28. He and Lady Alexander have arranged to leave Ottawa by train on February 15, and will sail for England two days later in the *Franconia* from Halifax, Nova Scotia. Field Marshal Lord

Alexander's term of office as Governor-General of Canada has been twice extended at the request of the Canadian Government. His departure is greatly regretted in Canada, where he has been one of the most popular Governors-General that Canada has had since the office was instituted in 1867. At the time of writing, it is believed that Lord Alexander may relieve Mr. Churchill as Minister of Defence but no official announcement has been made.

*Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.*

N.B.—Since going to press the appointment of Lord Alexander as Minister of Defence has been confirmed.





THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA : MR. VINCENT MASSEY, THE FIRST CANADIAN TO BE APPOINTED TO THAT GREAT OFFICE, AND A WORTHY SUCCESSOR TO LORD ALEXANDER.

It was announced on January 24 that the King had approved the appointment of the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, C.H., as Governor-General of Canada in succession to Field Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis. Mr. Vincent Massey's appointment is of particular importance because he is the first Canadian to hold this great office. Mr. Massey, who was born in 1887, and educated at St. Andrew's College, the University of Toronto and Balliol College, Oxford, was High Commissioner

for Canada in the United Kingdom from 1935 to 1946. Since his return to Canada he has been Chancellor of Toronto University. A patron of the arts, Mr. Massey was a trustee of the National Gallery in London from 1941 to 1946, and was chairman, 1943-46. Mr. Massey's wife, who died in 1950, founded London's Beaver Club for Canadian soldiers. He has two sons, one of them, Mr. Hart Massey, an architect, was cox. of the Oxford Eight in 1939.

*Portrait Study by Fayer.*



GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY was undoubtedly one of the ablest commanders produced by the United States in the Second World War; some consider him the best of all. Like most of his colleagues in a very small Army which became a very great one, he started humbly enough. At the beginning of 1941 he was still a lieutenant-colonel, aged forty-eight. Unlike the majority of his foremost contemporaries—but like General Eisenhower—he had missed active service in the First World War. So far as our people knew anything about the United States Army in those days, they would have expected the clever and highly professional Leonard Gerow to move most quickly to the top, and he did move high. Yet it was Bradley who came to command the biggest and most vital army group. He has now written, and published, an interesting and typically provocative account of his war service.\* It may appear unnecessary precision on my part to say that the book was written and published, but in fact immediate publication might not in the circumstances have taken place. When he wrote he was performing a comparatively humdrum and easy duty, that of Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, and publication was to coincide with his intended retirement. Then came the Korean War, and the prospect of



THE CAPTURE OF REMAGEN BRIDGE: "WE HAD OPENED A GATEWAY FOR THE LOWER RHINE CROSSING THAT WAS TO RESULT IN SPEEDY ENCIRCLEMENT OF THE RUHR AND CAPTURE OF MODEL'S ARMY GROUP . . . A BIGGER PRIZE THAN THE RUSSIANS TOOK AT STALINGRAD."

Reproduced from "A Soldier's Story": by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

retirement disappeared. He obtained permission to publish his book as a serving soldier holding the highest appointment the United States had to confer.

Two alternatives presented themselves. The work might have been put into cold storage. If such a course was too sacrificial to expect from a budding author with a great story to tell, and one which would lose a proportion of its appeal by delay, his book might have been subjected to thorough revision, and above all, its acerbities and personalities might have been removed. In view of the relations between the United States and European nations, especially Britain, this would probably have been desirable. Two great European soldiers, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery and Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, published books about the war while still serving. They did not omit from them controversial topics, but they treated them soberly and, on the whole, objectively, and they eschewed personalities altogether. In these circumstances, it is wiser so. General Bradley was engaged in controversies in which he fought hard for the views he held to be correct. Well and good, but it seems a pity that he should have neglected to use his blue pencil and attributed motives to the British of which there is good reason to believe they were innocent. The rivalries and jealousies of American Army commanders, too, will astonish British readers, but that is an American affair. The slang is overdone. We become weary of "helluva" and "sonuvabitch."

On the other hand, like many books with a purple promise, this proves on reading to be fairer and much less outrageous than expected. For example, it has been suggested from several American sources that Montgomery's plan for Normandy, that of attracting the hostile armour to the left flank of the force established ashore and making the British front the hinge on which the American would wheel round to face the Seine, was an afterthought, and adopted only because he had been checked in front of Caen. Bradley makes it clear that the plan was the original one, and acknowledges that it was marked by self-denial and that it deliberately allotted to the British the less spectacular part. He also states that in the early fighting in France, the British land commander used his authority over the American forces with forbearance. "I could not have wanted a more tolerant or judicious commander. Not once did he confront us with an arbitrary directive and not once did he reject any plan that we had devised." It is only fair that this should be emphasised and that it should also be noted that, if the sparks flew over the German Ardennes offensive, Montgomery's announcement when taking over command north of the bulge might have been more tactful.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. GENERAL BRADLEY'S STORY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

General Bradley got a fortunate start. In February, 1943, General Eisenhower sent General Marshall a list of thirteen general officers, any one of whom he would have been glad to accept as assistant in French North Africa. Marshall picked Bradley from the list. Next month Patton, commanding the United States Corps in Tunisia, was taken out to prepare for the Sicilian landing. Bradley took his place and assumed command of the II. Corps, which he led in the brilliantly successful final operations. The experience he had gained and the skill and energy he had displayed led to his appointment to the command of the only corps in the so-called army commanded by Patton in the invasion of Sicily, where he served under the tempestuous man who was to serve under him in North-west Europe. The Sicilian campaign began with a difficult forced landing, and that again provided experience which marked him out for Overlord, the landing in Normandy. His passages on the Anglo-American differences on Mediterranean policy are interesting. Marshall's fear of wasting strength by becoming too deeply committed in the Mediterranean can readily be understood, but the hint that British eyes were fixed chiefly on British post-war interests is not gracious.

Eisenhower wanted Alexander to command the 21st Army Group for the invasion of North-west Europe, and Bradley would have preferred him; but I will not go into his assessment of Montgomery's methods, because they seem to me perfunctory and not of great interest to British readers. As I have said, he acknowledges the high quality of Montgomery as planner and conductor of the operations up to the Seine. Controversy appears with the battle between the "broad" and "narrow" front strategies, the former that of Eisenhower, the latter that of Montgomery. This book shows clearly that Eisenhower went part of the way with Montgomery. He agreed that the main weight should be placed on the left flank, north of the Ardennes. He compromised, allotting a high proportion of the fuel available to the left wing, but, like many compromises, this was not entirely successful, either in its nature or in the manner in which it was observed. I have always myself believed in the "narrow" front, but I do not pretend to a certainty about what the result of its adoption would have been. No certainty exists, but I think it offered the better chance.

The November fighting on the approaches to the Rhine was a real battle of attrition, but in the circumstances it could not have been avoided, and it certainly



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE U.S. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF COMMITTEE. In reviewing General Bradley's recently published book, "A Soldier's Story of the Allied Campaigns from Tunis to the Elbe," Captain Falls says: "... he is recognised by all whose opinion counts as a most capable and far-sighted soldier, a tower of strength in the field and in his present appointment in Washington alike." General Omar Bradley was born in 1893 and was educated at the United States Military Academy. He received his commission in the U.S. Infantry in 1915, and in 1941 held the temporary rank of Brigadier-General. He was promoted to Major-General in 1942; Lieut.-General in 1943; and General in March, 1945. In September, 1950, he was promoted to five-star rank. He commanded the U.S. II. Corps in the Northern Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns in 1943, and the 1st U.S. Army in the Normandy campaign of 1944. From 1944 to 1945 he commanded the 12th Army Group in France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and Germany. In 1945 he was appointed Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, and in August 1949 he was given the highest appointment the United States had to confer, Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee.

finished the German Army, despite the contradictory evidence of the Ardennes offensive. As regards the passage of the Rhine, the writer believes that Montgomery could have effected it "on the run," without the elaborate preparations which he carried out. Whatever be our view on this point, we must admit that the picture of the S.H.A.E.F. staff officer, on learning of the capture of the Remagen bridge, is an amusing one. "Sure you've got a bridge, Brad . . . but you're not going anywhere down there at Remagen. It just doesn't fit into the plan." S.H.A.E.F. had, if the picture is a fair one, become so obsessed by the scheme for the northern passage of the Rhine that it regarded with suspicion any other crossing,

even though the capture of a bridge intact appeared to be a wonderful boon, as in fact it proved to be. There can be no doubt that, as the campaign had been conducted up to this point, the double envelopment of the Ruhr and the German forces in it was the right policy. Yet Bradley was at this time, according to Patton's evidence, going perilously near to frustrating the Supreme Commander. "We all felt it was essential that the First and Third Armies should get themselves so involved that Montgomery's plan to use most of the divisions . . . could not come off."

The last controversy of the war in Europe was concerned with the objectives after the passage of the Rhine. We know its nature already from other evidence, and Bradley has not much that is fresh to add to it. In brief, the American opinion was that the campaign should continue to be directed on the basis of strictly military considerations, with which political promptings must not be allowed to interfere. Yet the strategy of Soviet Russia had for long been deeply influenced by such promptings; in fact, Russia had urged the acceleration of the invasion of Southern France, which meant little or nothing from her point of view, obviously because once it took place the Allies would have no forces available to send into the Balkans. There is, none the less, some point in Bradley's argument



"A MASTER OF THE SET BATTLE, MONTGOMERY WAS METICULOUS IN HIS PLANNING AND EXACTING IN HIS EXECUTION OF THOSE BATTLE PLANS": GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY AT HIS 12TH ARMY GROUP HEAD-QUARTERS, WITH FIELD MARCHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (RIGHT).

that there would not have been much object in taking Berlin if it had to be abandoned immediately under the agreement with Russia. One of the weakest things they ever did was to agree to occupy sectors of Berlin without a sound arrangement about a corridor of approach to it. Perhaps they would have become wiser after having taken the city themselves.

It might or might not have been desirable to capture Berlin from the west, but the theory put forward by General Eisenhower, and apparently supported by General Bradley, hardly bears examination. There must be a political object behind any war, and the nearer final victory approaches, the nearer the complete rout of the enemy appears, the greater becomes the influence that may legitimately and profitably be allotted to it. While the Western Allies were beating the Germans in the field they were being outmanoeuvred by their allies, notably at Yalta. Britain and the United States may both have been at fault, but Britain had the keener perception of the danger. A good deal of American opinion has already recognised this. Mr. Hanson Baldwin, not unduly "pro-British," has written a book, the main object of which is to prove it. General Mark Clark has said that America, becoming a World Power, had many lessons to learn. "It was not surprising, perhaps, that we celebrated a victory when in reality we had not won the war." This may be an exaggeration of the reality, yet it cannot be denied that the political conduct of the war from the west did not match its military conduct or afford it the fullest support.

If I have advanced some criticism of General Bradley's book and suggested that it would have been better, allowing that he had every right to say the things he has said, to have said some of them differently, I do not consider that "A Soldier's Story" will do any harm to American and British relations. Nor should it diminish the esteem in which he is held on this side of the Atlantic, where he is recognised by all whose opinion counts as a most capable and far-sighted soldier, a tower of strength in the field and in his present appointment in Washington alike. Yet I do not think we need take such strictures on ourselves as the book contains, alongside many warm tributes, too tragically. War is an ugly business, and after war consciences are not always clear even about dealings with allies, which ought to be subject to the strictest code of honour; but I do not suppose any nation has come out of a great war with a better conscience in this respect than ours in 1945. We should not therefore be either perturbed or angry about the book. It is highly readable and is marked by lively observation as well as containing a great deal of information.

\* "A Soldier's Story of the Allied Campaigns from Tunis to the Elbe." By Omar N. Bradley. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.)





BRITAIN'S FIRST TWIN-ENGINE TWIN-ROTOR HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT: A VIEW OF THE NEW BRISTOL TYPE 173 AIRCRAFT BEING TESTED AT FILTON.



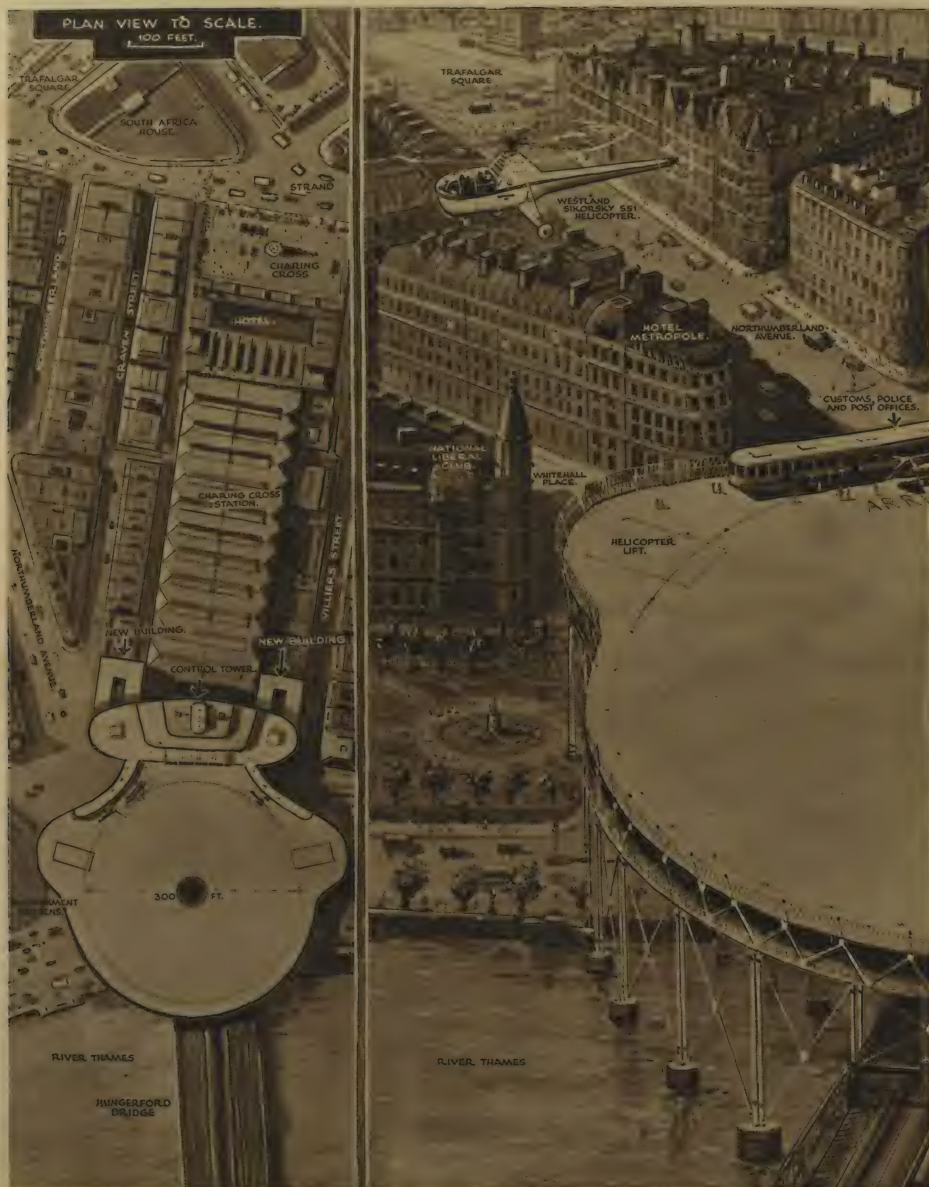
SHOWING THE PECULIAR EFFECT OF THE ROTOR "DOWNWASH" ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA: A U.S. NAVY S-51 HELICOPTER FROM THE NAVAL AIR STATION, GUANTANAMO, CUBA, MOVING OUT TO SEA TO ASSIST IN AN AIR-SEA RESCUE MISSION.

#### BRITAIN'S NEW HELICOPTER "AIRLINER"; AND THE EFFECT OF ROTOR "DOWNWASH" ON THE SEA.

On pages 170-171 in this issue we illustrate a suggested layout for a helicopter passenger station at Charing Cross. That such a project may be necessary in the not-too-distant future is emphasised by the statement by Mr. J. G. Braithwaite, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, at Cardiff on January 17, that progressive local authorities should consider the scheduling of sites for suitable "Airstops" to cater for helicopter travel. It will be remembered that the Minister of Civil Aviation announced in October last that the official term for helicopter passenger stations in the future would be "Airstop." Inter-city helicopter

travel has been brought nearer by the development of the Bristol Type 173, Britain's first twin-engine twin-rotor helicopter, which successfully carried out its maiden flight at Bristol on January 3. Designed primarily as a transport for thirteen passengers, the aircraft can also be used as a freighter carrying 2500 lb. of cargo. The "downwash" from the rotors of a helicopter is sufficient to disturb the surface of the sea, and this can either hinder or assist air-sea rescue operations. An American pilot once utilised the effect to "blow ashore" a rubber dinghy in which two children were adrift—our lower photograph indicates how this was done.





### A VISION OF THE FUTURE—AN AIRPORT FOR HELICOPTERS IN THE HEART OF LONDON:

In the past there have been several designs put forward for "helicopter" landing platforms over parts of London, but the latest design, instigated by Mr. Norman Dodds, M.P. for Dartford, Kent, the work of two London architects, Messrs. Aslan and Freeman, has the merit that it involves little alteration or demolition of present buildings and provides an unobstructed approach to the "heliport"

from the north-east, east and south, and south-west. The "heliport" would occupy a site over the river end of Charing Cross railway station, the Embankment Gardens, the Victoria Embankment and a part of the river. In view of the development of the twin-engine helicopter it is obvious that though initially commercial services may be confined to cross-country routes, London will have to

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

### THE PROPOSED PLAN FOR A "HELIDROME" AT CHARGING CROSS DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED.

be brought within the network, and that to make the best use of the peculiarities of the helicopter, the flight decks for these aircraft should be situated in or near the centres of the cities that they are to serve, thus avoiding the necessity for tedious travel by road. The advantages of having a "heliport" at Charing Cross are many. It is in a central position, with excellent connections to every part of

London by road and rail. A Ministry of Civil Aviation report on the plan states: "It is the view of this Department that it would be possible from the engineering and operational point of view to build a heliport on the site . . . but the cost would be high . . . the ground access both by road and underground railway is good and the principal approach by air over the river is excellent."

THE CO-OPERATION OF MESSRS. ASLAN AND FREEMAN.



**P** RINCESS ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to leave London Airport on Thursday, January 31, in a specially adapted four-engineered B.O.A.C. Argonaut airliner *Atalanta* on the first stage of their great Australasian tour, and were due to arrive at Nairobi on the morning of Friday, February 1. Their visit to Kenya is likely to prove an extremely enjoyable one, and they

(Continued below)

(RIGHT.)  
SHOWING THE GREAT  
STONE FIREPLACE: THE  
SITTING-ROOM; WHICH  
HAS CREAM WALLS, A  
CEDAR-WOOD FLOOR AND  
CURTAINS OF PATTERNED  
CHINTZ IN RED BROWN



(Continued.)  
rock-garden and sloping lawns of soft grass from Uganda, while the Princess and the Duke will, it is hoped, enjoy good fishing in the river. A view of snow-covered Mount Kenya is obtained from the side door. The accommodation includes a Royal suite, an equerry's suite, and accommodation for the Lady-in-Waiting. The furnishings are simple, elegant and comfortable, and have been chosen

[LEFT.]  
FURNISHED WITH WOODEN  
CHAIRS WITH SEATS AND  
BACKS COVERED IN  
LEATHER: A VIEW OF THE  
DINING-ROOM, ~~SHOWING~~  
THE TABLE LAID FOR A  
PARTY OF EIGHT.



ILLUSTRATING THE BEAUTY OF THE GROUNDS: THE VIEW THROUGH THE  
MIRACLES FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN IN THE MOUNTAIN



FROM THE TERRACE: A VIEW OF THE GARDENS OF ROYAL LODGE, KENYA,  
AND THE SAGANA RIVER



A WEDDING-GIFT WHICH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARE SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME : ROYAL LODGE, KENYA WHERE THEY ARRANGED TO STAY. IT IS SITUATED IN THE FOREST RESERVE ON THE SLOPPS OF MOUNT KENYA, ABOVE THE SAGANA RIVER



(ABOVE.)  
WITH A BUNK-BED,  
TYPE OF BED, W/  
UNDERNEATH  
DRAWER SPACE A  
GREY WALLS: T  
DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S DRESSING  
ROOM IN ROYAL  
LODGE, VENICE.



SHOWING A NATIVE SENTRY : THE FRONT DOOR OF ROYAL LODGE, KENYA, A WOOD-AND-STONE-BUILD BUNGALOW-TYPE HOUSE SET IN LOVELY SURROUNDINGS.

will no doubt be very happy to see one of their wedding presents for the first time, for Royal Lodge, Kenya, where they have arranged to stay, was presented to their Royal Highnesses on their marriage by the Government of Kenya. It is a hunting lodge of the bungalow type, carried out in stone and timber, and is situated in surroundings of great beauty, in the Forest Reserve on the slopes of Mount Kenya, above the Sagana River, some twenty miles from Nyeri. The garden, which should be looking very beautiful during their Royal Highnesses' visit, contains ornamental banana-trees, a



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM AT ROYAL LODGE, KENYA: A VIEW SHOWING THE FIREPLACE  
RESIDE WHICH STANDS A CHINTZ-COVERED EASY CHAIR.



SHOWING THE TWIN-BEDS, WITH HEAD-BOARDS COVERED IN CHINTZ TO MATCH THE CURTAINS  
AND THE WINDOWS GIVING ON THE GARDEN: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BEDROOM.



SEEN THROUGH ONE OF THE DINING-ROOM WINDOWS: A CORNER OF THE TERRACE LOOKING ON TO THE WELL-WOODED GROUNDS, WHICH CONTAIN A COLOURFUL ROCK-GARDEN.

with the greatest care. For instance, the Princess's bedroom, with walls of mushroom pink, has curtains of two shades of patterned blue chintz; and in the Duke's dressing-room the curtains are of a nautical design, with representations of famous ships of different periods as likely to appeal to his Royal Highness, who is a Naval officer. The paintings which decorate the cream-coloured walls are by local artists, and when the Royal visitors arrive they should find flowering shrubs, poinsettias, African marigold and lavender and bougainvillea all adding colour and beauty to the garden.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

"THERE were giants in those days." What a tiresome attitude of mind that phrase typifies, suggesting as it does that we are left to-day with

## OF GARDENERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and benevolent one, so all was well. Mr. Reeves' great passion was chrysanthemums, especially the small-flowered pompon varieties grown and trained to look like enormous umbrellas, as was the vogue

in those days. Grown to a single stem, the plants were potted on into larger and larger pots, and the shoots were pinched and pinched again, to make them branch

nothing but puny pygmies. What great statesmen have we to-day, folk ask—or writers, composers, or comedians—to compare with Gladstone, Dickens, Beethoven, Dan Leno? Gladstone, Dickens and Dan Leno have their peers to-day, and maybe their betters. As to Beethoven, I'm not so sure. Only time can show.

One hears this same sort of defeatist poppycock in connection with country matters, especially crafts and craftsmen. The art of "laying" hedges, and of building dry stone walls is dying out, folk are for ever saying. The old craftsmen are almost extinct, and the young fellows won't bother to learn. I live in the Cotswolds, where walls, built with undressed stone and without mortar, take the place of hedges in other districts, and here it is a common thing to see men repairing and rebuilding old walls which have fallen into disrepair, or building entirely new ones. The walls they build are good for a hundred years, or for as long as they are required—whichever is the longer. In my own village, with a population of about 300, there are certainly half-a-dozen men, probably more, who can build as good a dry wall as anyone could wish for; and walling is not their sole and regular job. They do it, if and when need be, as a side-line.

It's the same with "laying" hedges, a skilled and strenuous craft if ever there was one. I have watched a long-neglected hedge being laid this autumn. It had not been cut or tended for ten or more years, and had grown into a dense thicket, 12 or 15 ft. high. First the bulk of the almost tree-like growth was cut clean away. The stems that were left standing, often as thick as a man's thigh, were then cut near the base, not right through, but so far that they could be bent right down to lie horizontally and be woven in and out between stout stakes that were cut and driven at intervals into the hedge bottom. When finished, the "laid" hedge was, in effect, a living, growing fence of neat wattle work. It must require good judgment to select exactly the right growths to retain and "lay," and to cut their young trunks just so far through that they will bend right down, and yet have enough uncut stem to enable them to carry on with their growing. One can see this work being done, miles of it, all over the country during the winter months, yet folk moan that it's a lost or dying craft.

To my great regret, I never knew "Old Foster." I was born rather more than a decade too late, and knew him only as a legend. Old Foster was gardener to an uncle of mine who lived on the fringe of a pleasant Hertfordshire town. It was not a particularly large garden, but it produced good fruit and vegetables, and was fragrant and full of flowers, and Old Foster was apparently a treasure, and a character, with his wise, humorous old face. Not a brilliant gardener, but a steady, faithful one, with a rare gift for making things grow. In fact, a gardener of the old school, of the era when gardeners—of the Old Foster type—came to work in a top-hat, a real stove-pipe top-hat. Yes, that was just before my time.

Our own head-gardener, when I was a small boy, only wore a top hat on Sundays. At work, in summer, at any rate, he wore a species of "almost" Panama. But on Sunday afternoons, when he came to open up the greenhouses and to see that his beloved chrysanthemums wanted for nothing, he came in a frock coat and white waistcoat, with a fine gold albert watch-chain and a superbly glossy top hat with generous curly contours. I was almost afraid to go into the kitchen garden on those occasions. "Mr. Reeves, Elliott's gardener," as he was known in the village, was a big, burly man, with a W.G. beard. He was a first-rate gardener who tried hard to be an autocrat. But my father was one, a just



"A GARDENER OF THE OLD SCHOOL, OF THE ERA WHEN GARDENERS... CAME TO WORK IN A TOP-HAT, A REAL STOVE-PIPE TOP-HAT": "OLD FOSTER," MR. ELLIOTT'S UNCLE'S GARDENER ABOUT 1873, FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A. (1849-1914).



"A TREASURE, AND A CHARACTER, WITH HIS WISE, HUMOROUS OLD FACE": A PHOTOGRAPH OF "OLD FOSTER," OF ABOUT THE SAME DATE AS THE DRAWING ABOVE—"NOT A BRILLIANT GARDENER, BUT A STEADY, FAITHFUL ONE, WITH A RARE GIFT FOR MAKING THINGS GROW."

endlessly. The growths were trained and tied out to a great circular, convex wire framework, until in the end there was an umbrella 6 ft. or more across, closely and evenly covered with hundreds, probably thousands, of small blossoms. All summer through, Mr. Reeves spent hours a day tending, training and nourishing these plants in the open. In autumn they were brought under glass to flower. Four, or perhaps six, specimens monopolised a good-sized span-roof house. Then, in the fullness of time, they were taken by horse-van to London, to chrysanthemum shows at the Westminster Aquarium or the Crystal Palace, where they usually swept the board, and gained medals, prize money and much kudos for Mr. Reeves, but no fun or special interest for him who paid the piper. They were superb triumphs of skilful, patient, but misplaced cultivation, quite without decorative value, and produced at the expense of strawberries, asparagus and any decorative plant novelties that the family might acquire and hope to see flourish under Mr. Reeves' care.

Putting an end to this costly hobby required some tact and firmness, but the weaning was accomplished eventually. Like Old Foster, Mr. Reeves was a gardener of the old school. And folk say that gardeners of that school are dying out, and that to-day there are no facilities for training them. They are not dying out. They died out, or rather the school to which they belonged died, years ago. A different, and in many ways a better, school has come about, and there are still just as many good gardeners as there ever were—and always will be. The "Old Fosters" and the "Mr. Reeves" of to-day are better paid and better housed than their predecessors of fifty or more years ago, and the best of them, as always, are grand gardeners because, from earliest youth, they have wanted to be gardeners and nothing else. I feel very sure that being a nation of garden lovers we shall always have a supply of good employed gardeners, for it is not only garden owners who love gardens and gardening. There are others who are just as keen natural gardeners and who, on leaving school, are destined to be employed rather than to employ, and are wise enough to get themselves employed in the occupation they love best.

As for training in horticulture, the facilities are far better than they were fifty years ago, though they are different. For higher training there are now a number of horticultural schools and colleges, and there are, too, the Botanic Gardens and the R.H.S. gardens at Wisley. For practical training the private gardens, large and small, are still available. The big places may no longer employ forty, fifty or sixty men or, if they do, they are run on strictly business lines, as market gardens. In one such garden that I know, the staff to-day is, if anything, larger than it was thirty years ago. Working on such an establishment as that must be a very fine training indeed. When well run, as they usually are, the commercial side generally enables the owner to maintain a reasonable amount of ornamental and pleasure gardening as well, so that the young men—and women—employed get a good varied training, including the frills and fancy stuff—which is important.

Last, but by no means least, there are lady gardeners and, by the by, I cannot help feeling that the term "lady" gardener is a mistake. Many folk still cling to a prejudice against lady gardeners. They seem to think it means lady-like gardeners—from which heaven help us! Why not women gardeners? No lady minds being called a woman. My experience of women gardeners is that they are keen, well trained, tremendous workers, and dead keen to learn more and more about their job—as to which, no one knows half enough.

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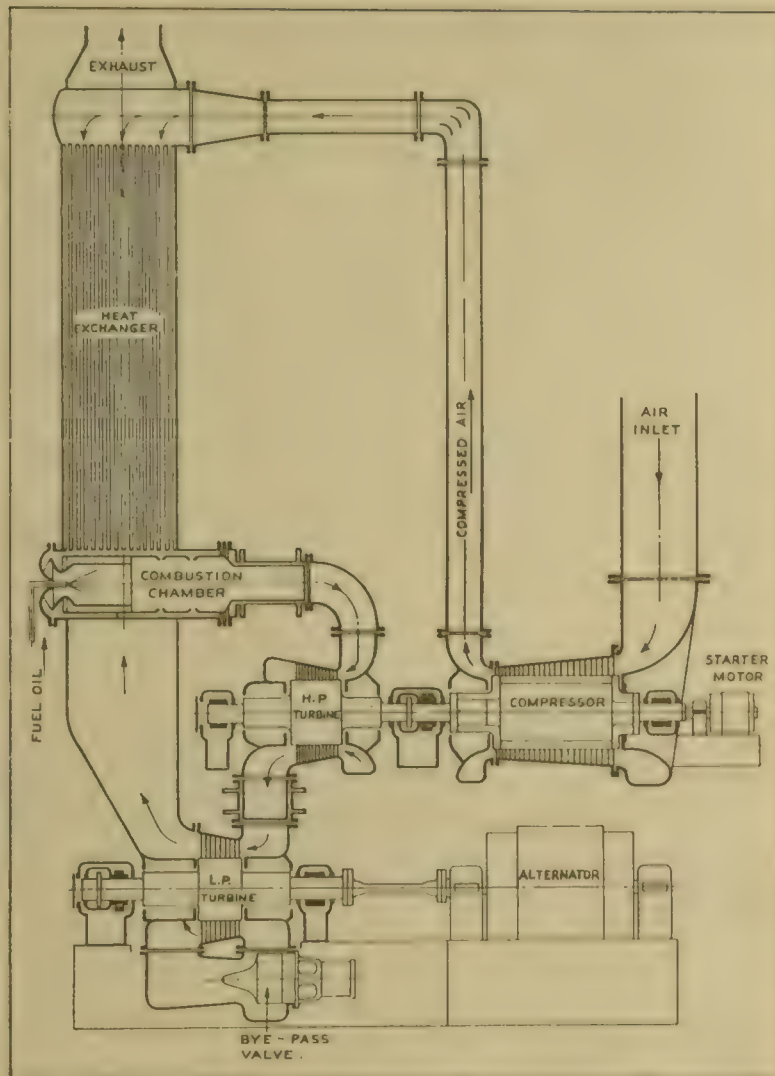
JET PROPULSION AT SEA: D.E.S. AURIS, THE FIRST MERCHANT SHIP TO BE PROPELLED BY A GAS TURBINE.



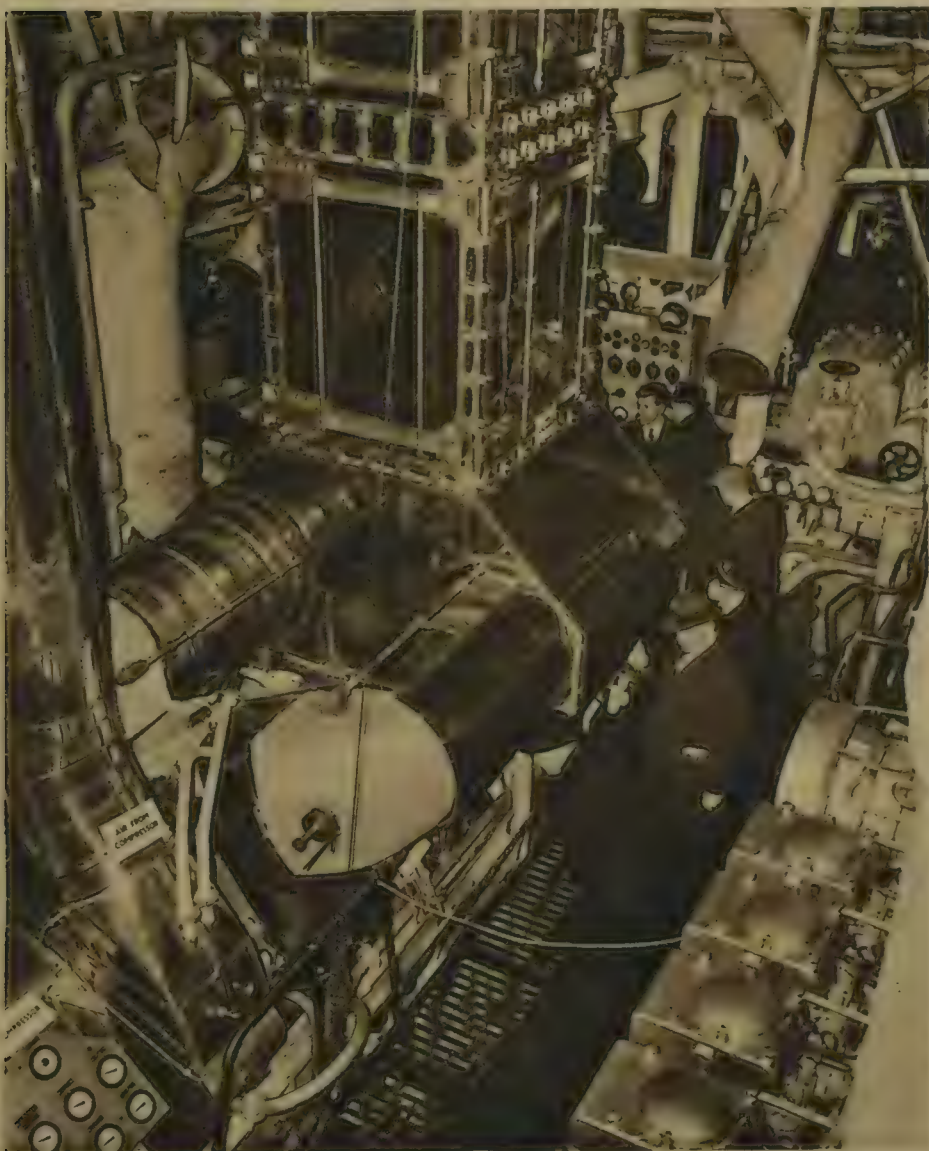
THE D.E.S. AURIS, THE FIRST MERCHANT SHIP TO BE PROPELLED BY A GAS-TURBINE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE SOLENT AFTER HER RETURN FROM HER FIRST ROUND VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

ON January 22 representatives of the Admiralty, the U.S. Navy, the Norwegian Chamber of Shipping, and other associations, inspected in the Solent the Shell oil tanker *Auris*, the first merchant ship to be propelled by a gas-turbine, after the completion of her first round trip across the Atlantic. *Auris* was built and engined by Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn Leslie and Co., Ltd., in accordance with plans and specifications prepared by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co., Ltd., and when commissioned in 1948 she was provided with four Hawthorn-Sulzer Diesel-electric alternator sets. She was designed as an experimental ship, first to experiment in the burning of boiler fuels in one of these high-speed engines; and secondly to try out a gas-turbine set. In this form she operated as a tanker for three-and-a-half years and, during 1951, one of the Diesel-electrics was taken out and in its place there was installed (under the direction of Mr. John Lamb, O.B.E., the designer of the ship) a gas-turbine set built by the British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., at Rugby. Sea trials of forty-eight hours were carried out off the Northumbrian coast, and were completely successful—no further adjustments were necessary—and during the trials, for a period of six hours, the Diesel-electric engines were shut down and *Auris*, fully laden, was propelled solely by the single gas-turbine at an average speed of over 7 knots in a strong wind and a

[Continued below, right.]



A DIAGRAMMATIC LAYOUT OF THE GAS-TURBINE SET INSTALLED IN THE TANKER AURIS. AS THIS METHOD OF SHIP PROPULSION IS STILL EXPERIMENTAL, THE GAS-TURBINE IS RUN IN CONJUNCTION WITH THREE DIESEL-ELECTRIC ALTERNATOR SETS.



THE B.T.H. GAS-TURBINE SET IN THE TANKER AURIS. THE SQUARE COLUMN (CENTRE) IS THE HEAT EXCHANGER, WHICH LEADS UPWARDS TO THE EXHAUST.



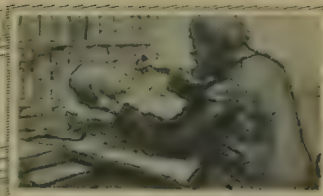
THE TANKER AURIS HAS THREE DIESEL-ELECTRIC SETS AS WELL AS THE GAS-TURBINE SET, AND SO THE AIR INTAKE AND EXHAUST, HERE SEEN FORWARD OF THE FUNNEL, CANNOT BE ACCOMMODATED IN THE FUNNEL, THE APPARENTLY LOGICAL PLACE.

[Continued.] moderate sea. During this period the absence of vibration was so marked that it was impossible, even by placing a hand on the engine-casing, to be certain that the gas-turbine was running. Under a full load, a slight whistling noise could be heard. On October 28 she left Hebburn-on-Tyne for Port Arthur, Texas, under the command of Captain F. T. Vine, the responsibility for the gas-turbine resting with the chief engineer, Mr. N. V. Beedle. After reaching Port Arthur on November 19, she proceeded to Curacao and berthed at Avonmouth on December 22. During the forty-four days at sea the gas-turbine had operated without an involuntary stop or any mechanical difficulty of any kind. She has subsequently visited Swansea, Hull, Rotterdam, Oslo and Southampton, covering 13,211 nautical miles, with machinery operating for 1391 hours. For the major part of the run, Diesel fuel was burnt in the gas-turbine, but after leaving Hull boiler fuel was used. From the results so far obtained it would appear that a new era in ship propulsion has been inaugurated; and the day is probably not far off when the gas-turbine will rival steam-turbine and Diesel installations in the matter of reliability and fuel economy, and surpass both in respect of maintenance costs.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### CHASING THE ELUSIVE MOLE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

FROSTY weather and, more especially, a fresh fall of snow give a good opportunity to estimate how fast moles throw earth out on to the surface; and also to judge how active they are in winter. If an hour after a fall of snow a heap of fresh earth is found thrown up, that must represent an hour's work at least. Similarly, measuring the quantity of fresh earth in the early morning, following a hard frost, gives us some idea of the amount of newly-turned earth ejected in a given time. The approximations can be very rough only, and that is true of almost any attempt we make to measure a mole's activities,

membrane, except in relatively few species. In man, for example, the three small turbinals are said to offer a surface over which air used in breathing is warmed before entering the lungs. The olfactory membrane, yellow in colour, is confined to a small olfactory cleft high up in the nasal cavity, and this, when fully spread out, has an area of one square inch and no more. This contrasts strongly with the condition found in a typical dog, in which the turbinals are represented by a relatively large mass of much-folded,

however, obvious difficulties even in this. Any sense varies in acuteness as between one individual and another. This we know to be true of human beings as a matter of everyday experience. It also varies from one race of human beings to another. Similarly, it varies from one dog to another, and from one breed to another. In all animals, moreover, it varies with age, with health, with the degree to which it is used and developed as a matter of experience. As a consequence, in spite of the many opportunities for testing and comparing the sense of smell in man and in dogs, we are far from being able to establish exact



AN INDICATION THAT A MOLE'S SENSE OF SMELL MUST BE UNUSUALLY ACUTE: (LEFT) SECTION OF THE SKULL OF A MOLE, SHOWING THE TURBINALS WHICH FILL THE NASAL CAVITY AND ARE CARRIED FAR BACK UNDER THE CRANIUM; AND (RIGHT) SECTION OF THE SKULL OF A DOG, SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE TURBINALS, FOR COMPARISON.

The nasal cavity of mammals contains certain fine, bony structures, known as the turbinals, covered with a membrane, part at least of which is olfactory in function. Size for size, the turbinals of a mole are larger than those of a dog, as shown in these sections of skulls of the two animals. But

the structure of the skull, considered on its own, leaves out the long, pliable snout extending beyond the limit of the upper jaw in the mole, whereas the tip of a dog's snout ends with the jaw. In our photographs the area occupied by the turbinals is enclosed by a dotted line to simplify the comparison.

of whatever kind. It is, however, only by collecting assiduously every scrap of such evidence that we can hope to fill in some of the details of a very elusive life underground. It is for this reason that any molehill or surface run has an irresistible attraction for me, so that I give it at least a casual examination. It was, for example, a real delight—though what the owner says about it I do not know—to find last week-end three adjoining stubble-fields covered with hundreds of molehills. Presumably, since they were all undisturbed by human feet or machines, all had been thrown up since the corn was cut in August last. It was while examining these that I tried once more to visualise the everyday world of a mole.

It is a reasonable guess that a mole has little power of hearing, since external ears are all but lacking, even while it may be sensitive to vibrations. It is fairly certain that, although it has an eye complete in every detail, it is remarkably minute and of little use. And although it possesses numerous long bristles on the face, which are almost certainly highly-developed tactile organs, there can be little doubt that its main guide in finding its food must be smell. This we can suspect as a matter of course in an animal having the tiniest external ears, minute eyes laid well down in the fur, and a long snout. It seems an *a priori* conclusion, and most writers do credit a mole with a keen sense of smell. Yet doubts have been raised, and by more than one observer. Alston, for example, found that a captive mole "puzzled round" a piece of meat for a long time before finding it, and he was inclined, as a result, to doubt this alleged acute sense of smell.

Of the several senses possessed by the higher animals, probably least is known about the sense of smell. There are, however, several lines of enquiry open to us. The first is to assess the gross balance of the sense-organs. Since the only contact with the world is through the senses, any animal pursuing a successful life and having one or more sense-organs reduced in size or quality, almost certainly makes up for these deficiencies by the stronger development of one or more of those remaining. This must amount almost to a law. If in an animal that has virtually no external ears, the eyes so small and hidden, that it is usually thought to be blind, we find the snout is unusually long, it seems readily acceptable that its sense of smell must be unusually acute.

We can take the matter further by examining the internal structure of the nose. The nasal cavity of mammals contains certain fine bony structures, usually very much folded, known as the turbinals. These are covered with a membrane, part at least of which is olfactory in function. Unfortunately, we know all too little about the structure and function of this



THE MOLE'S LONG SNUOT—A DISADVANTAGE IN FIGHTING AND FEEDING, FOR TO ENABLE THE TEETH TO BE BARED FOR EITHER PURPOSE IT MUST BE BENT UP ON ITSELF, AS SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

very thin bone covered by a membrane that is pigmented black. It has been shown that a membrane with a dark pigment is, for olfactory purposes, more highly sensitive than one with a light pigment. So, dealing merely in rough comparisons, we should expect a dog to have the far greater acuteness of smell on two counts: that the turbinals are much larger and that the membrane coating them is more darkly pigmented than in man.

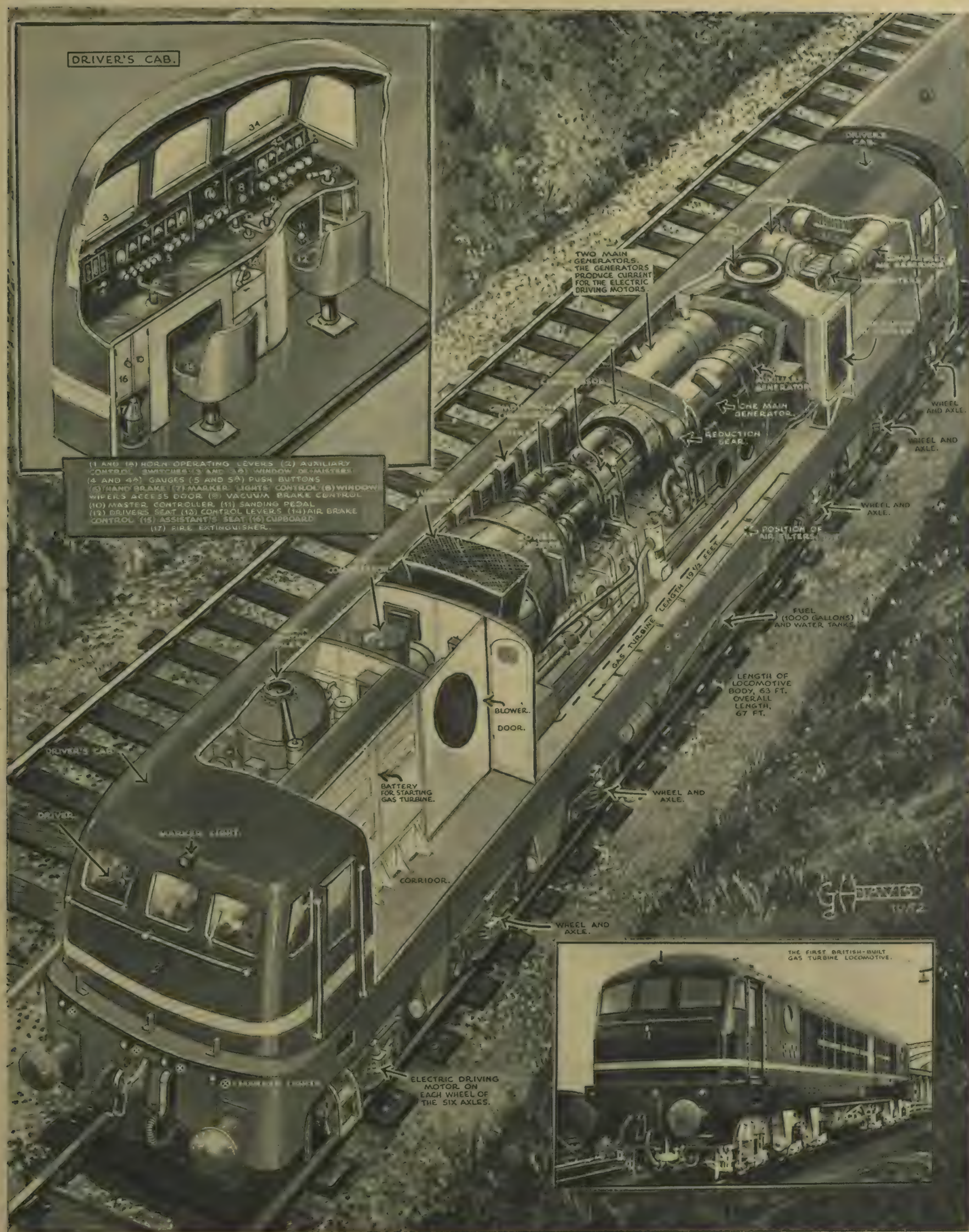
In addition to assessing the balance of the sense-organs themselves, in which man is so obviously a seeing animal and a dog a smelling animal, and in addition to the obvious disparity in size and pigmentation of the nasal membrane in a man and a dog, we can test their individual performances to produce evidence subsidiary to that already detailed. There are,

values—in fact, over some details, we are still very much in the dark—and the best we can say is that a dog has a far greater acuteness of smell than a man.

So far as a mole is concerned, we have infinitely much less data to go upon, but we can attack the problem in another way. A mole lives most of its time in a series of underground tunnels, rarely coming to the surface. These tunnels are used also by earth-worms and insects. Probably mice of various sorts, certainly rats on occasion, even weasels and stoats also use them. Each leaves its own peculiar smell behind. There is, however, another aspect of this scent business. The accepted view is that any living object leaves behind, as it moves, a trail of fine scent particles which slowly sink to the ground, and then slowly sink into the earth. For this last reason a dog will scratch the earth to locate a trail that is some days old. It seems unavoidable that mole runs must be filled with a bewildering variety of faint odours, either left by animals that have traversed the runs or sinking through the earth from those passing over the ground. A mole feeds mainly on earth-worms, although it will eat almost any form of flesh available. In a system of enclosed tunnels, with very little in the way of air currents to give direction, containing a multiplicity of odours, one only of which spells normal food, it is logical to suppose that hunting is best carried out by a fast-moving animal having a very fine sense of scent discrimination. A lion gets wind of its prey from afar and slowly moves towards it. A mole can hardly do this, but must rely on rapid searching and a fine sense of selection as it draws near the desired object. The difference would be as that between keen sight and acute powers of observation, and just as we cannot readily differentiate between these two, so it would be difficult to distinguish exactly between the two kinds of olfactory performances.

A mole must either have an acute sense of smell, or it has a fine sense of discrimination if anatomical evidence means anything, since, size for size, its turbinals are more extensive than those of a dog. Certainly, living underground, there is not the same need for an apparatus to warm the air passing into the lungs. Presumably, therefore, these extensive structures filling the nasal cavities must have some other function, and it can only be smell. If Alston's experiment means anything in this connection, it probably suggests that to a mole captive in a box containing a piece of meat, the whole of the contained air is highly impregnated with its scent. Devoid of the usual visual aid in locating an object, but having a "strong" nose, its world is converted into one continuous meat-smell, and it must "puzzle round" if it is to find the source of that smell.





JET-PROPULSION ON THE RAILWAY: THE FIRST BRITISH-BUILT GAS-TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE ON BRITISH RAILWAYS; AND THEIR MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE ON A CONTINUOUS WORKING BASIS.

Though four gas turbo-electric locomotives have been built abroad and are in use, the new locomotive No. 18100 just completed by Messrs. Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., at Trafford Park, is the first to be built in this country. It is intended primarily to work on the London-Plymouth route of British Railways (Western Region). The new Metrovick locomotive measures about 67 ft. by 9 ft. by 12 ft. 10 ins. high, and it weighs 129½ tons with all tanks full. It is capable of a speed of 90 m.p.h., and can exert a tractive pull of 60,000 lb. These characteristics enable it to haul a load of eighteen coaches weighing 650 tons over the severe gradients on the Plymouth route. Each of the six axles is geared to an electric driving motor, each pair of motors is fed from one of three main generators, and the generators in their turn are driven by the gas-turbine, which can produce 3000 h.p. continuously. The "working fluid" of the turbine is air, which is

compressed in a fifteen-stage axial-flow compressor, heated in a combustion chamber in which the fuel (gas-oil) burns, and expanded in a five-stage turbine. The compressor and turbine are coupled together and to the reduction gearing driving the generators. The turbine and gearing together have a length of 19 ft. 6 ins. The whole of the power-unit is mounted on a bedplate supported at three points on the locomotive underframe. At each end of the locomotive is a driver's cab, as shown in detail in the upper (left-hand) inset drawing. Below the main frame is a double tank holding 1000 gallons of fuel for the gas-turbine and 600 gallons of water for the train-heating boiler. Behind one of the cabs is a battery for starting the turbine. On a continuous working basis, this is the most powerful locomotive on British Railways. (*Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Messrs. Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd.*)



## FRENCH DRAWINGS: FROM THE "FOUQUET TO GAUGUIN" LONDON SHOW.



"STUDY FOR 'THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION'"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770), PREMIER PEINTRE DU ROI, 1765. (Red chalk slightly heightened with white chalk. 11½ by 8½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)



"THE MONTAGU SISTERS"; BY JEAN-AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES (1780-1876). SIGNED BOTTOM RIGHT IN PENCIL INGRES DEL. ROME 1815. (Pencil. 14 by 11½ ins.) (Viscount Hinchinbrooke.)



"CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD"; BY PIERRE PAUL PRUD'HON (1758-1823). (Charcoal heightened with white chalk on buff paper. 7½ by 4½ ins.) (Musée Carnavalet.)



"THEATRICAL SCENE FROM 'LA FAUSSE COQUETTE'"; BY CLAUDE GILLOT (1673-1722). (Red chalk, pen and bistre wash. 6½ by 8½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). INSCRIBED BOTTOM RIGHT IN CHARCOAL, 26 AOUT 1859 PARIS. E.D. (Charcoal. 11½ by 4½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)



"BACCHANAL"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665). THE BACCHANAL THEME WAS FREQUENTLY EMPLOYED BY THE ARTIST. (Bistre wash over traces of black chalk. 7½ by 10½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)



"HEAD OF A ROARING LION"; BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX (1798-1863). (Water-colour over traces of pencil heightened with white gouache. 7½ by 7½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)

"French Drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin" is the title of an important exhibition arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain in co-operation with the Direction Générale des Relations Culturelles, due to open to-day, February 2, at the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, and to continue until March 16. The exhibits have been selected by Mme. J. Bouchot-Saupique, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the Louvre. In her informative introduction to the catalogue, Mme. Bouchot-Saupique writes: "It is almost a challenge to attempt

to represent in 170 drawings the harvest of a school so rich in personalities and in the variety of techniques which has continued un eclipsed for four-and-a-half centuries," and goes on to explain that it has been chosen to emphasise certain supremely great draughtsmen, thus creating the flavour of a period, but leaving out, unhappily, works which can only add to the sum of this impression, but which were not in themselves creative landmarks. The Prud'hon drawing of Talleyrand reproduced is the drawing for the large painting in the Carnavalet.



# MASTERPIECES BY FRENCH DRAUGHTSMEN.

# SELECTIONS FROM AN IMPORTANT EXHIBITION.



"GIRL SEWING"; BY ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721), THE GREAT MASTER OF FÊTES-GALANTES. (Black and red chalk. 9 by 6½ ins.) (The Earl of Iveagh.)



"THE SWING"; BY ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721). AN ENCHANTING EXAMPLE OF HIS DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. (Black and red chalk. 6½ by 5½ ins.) (The Earl of Iveagh.)



"PORTRAIT OF MARGUERITE GÉRARD, SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE ARTIST"; BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1805). (Bisire wash on a black chalk sketch. 7½ by 5½ ins.) (Musée de Besançon.)



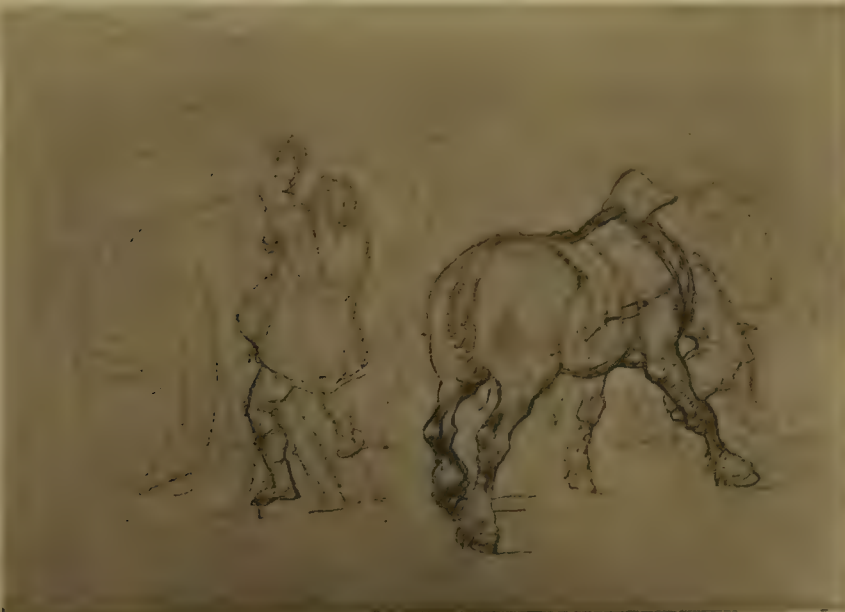
"HEAD OF A SMALL GIRL"; BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1805), THE FAVOURITE PAINTER OF MME. DU HARRY. (Three coloured chalks. 8½ by 7½ ins.) (Musée de Besançon.)



"THE MARQUISE DE BRINVILLIERS"—POISONER; BY CHARLES LE BRUN (1619-1690), AT THE TIME OF HER SENTENCE. (Three coloured chalks on grey paper. 12½ by 9½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN"; BY LAGNEAU, EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST. (Black and red chalk on tinted paper. 10½ by 8½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)



"THE COALMAN"; BY THEODORE GÉRICAUT (1791-1824). DRAWN IN ENGLAND IN CONNECTION WITH HIS LITHOGRAPHS *SÉRIE ANGLAISE*. (Chalk. 10½ by 14½ ins.) (Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris.)



"LA PARADE"—COMEDIANS TRYING TO ATTRACT CUSTOMERS AT A FAIR; BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-1879). (Black chalk and water-colour with traces of sanguine. 10½ by 14½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)

"In the long tradition of French drawing, the centuries are linked together through the continuity of the French character, which unites Fouquet to the landscape artists of the nineteenth century, and relates a portrait of Clouet with those of Ingres and Degas," writes Mme. J. Bouchot-Saupique, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the Louvre Museum, in her introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition "French Drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin" at the Arts Council Galleries; and indeed the exhibits in this splendid display illustrate how France has walked on the heights of artistic achievement through

the centuries. On this and the facing page we give a selection of the drawings on view at this exhibition, which has been made possible by the generosity of public museums and private collectors in France and this country. The drawing of the notorious poisoner, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, was made from life at the time of her sentence, July 16, 1676. Lagneau, whose portrait of a young woman we reproduce, was an early seventeenth-century artist of great originality, but no record of his life exists. "He carried on the sixteenth-century tradition of chalk drawing but with a naïve raciness peculiar to himself."





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MOSTLY ABOUT SOFA-TABLES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE is a story by Crébillon, "The Sofa," which I see has recently been translated into English. It is a gay and rather scabrous little book, for Crébillon did not write for young ladies' seminaries, and has nothing whatever to do with this page except to remind me that "sofa" is neither a French nor an English, but an Arab word ("soffala"), which came into common use during the eighteenth century. But who first called the long tables with a flap at each end "sofa-tables," or when the phrase first came into fashion, is another matter. Presumably their length had something to do with it, and they were a convenient size for placing beside a sofa—apart from that, there seems no special reason.

Anyway, everyone nowadays knows the sort of thing which is thus loosely described, and they are much in favour either as side-tables, or upstairs as dressing-tables. Here are two typical examples in mahogany, shown in, I think, sufficient detail to make them worth close study. And how carelessly do many look at things of this sort, without noticing just those felicitous subtleties which mark the distinction between an ordinary and a good piece! The first, of course, is colour. That I can't illustrate in monochrome; but fine mahogany—and I am talking of mahogany—

catches the light and carries the eye downwards. In the same way, a plain circular stretcher from one column to the other would have served; the variation provided by simple turning just makes the difference. Handles now. Plain wooden knobs as in Fig. 2 are very pleasant; the circular ormolu handles of Fig. 1 are more to my taste—they provide a gleam of soft light in so plain a piece, whereas this is given by the coromandel wood border in Fig. 2. There the wooden knobs serve to emphasize the contrast between mahogany and coromandel.

early years of the eighteenth century, and then only in small quantities. The other kind is Honduras mahogany, which is a trifle softer and lighter in tone. The odds are that most of the furniture produced towards the end of the eighteenth century is of the latter sort.

It is a little strange that rosewood, which can be a most beautiful material, was not much in favour during the age of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and their contemporaries. The French, on the other hand, put it to noble service in innumerable *secrétaires* and so forth. Suppose you are taking part in that parlour game which consists in someone firing a word at you, and you have to answer instantly what the word brings to your mind. If someone said "rosewood" to me, I should answer automatically "a Victorian piano." In fact, it became a popular material from about the year 1800. It was known long before, of course, but used almost wholly as small-sized veneers. Here in Fig. 3 is a very elegant sofa-table made of rosewood, and the photograph shows very clearly a third method of construction—four legs sloping inwards to a short central column, and that supporting a curved centre-piece to carry the weight of the top on its two arms. The moral is: don't despise rosewood. There are numerous variations of these three types, but they give a very fair notion of what can be found. Another version I call to mind is built up in a similar way to that of Fig. 2, but instead of the two columns at each end, are two lyre-shaped supports. So much for this useful and much-sought-after household god.

When on the subject of tables, it is worth recalling a particularly fine example of a Chippendale side-table which I saw and admired recently. Its date is about 1770, perhaps, while the sofa-tables we have been considering were made, at a guess, between 1780 and 1810. The style of the earlier table bears little or no relation to the sofa-tables, but it is as well to be reminded of good things

which went before, and the chief virtues of such Chippendale tables—which are fairly clear to the discerning eye—are first, admirable proportions and, secondly, the beautifully suave, slight serpentine curve of the front. This consummate grace of form masquerading as extreme simplicity would be notable enough in any event, even if, as is normal in such pieces, the edges of the table-top were cut crisply at right-angles. In the table I am thinking of, the edges are rounded and fall away in a groove. By such nice distinctions may you recognise the extra ordinary (which two words have not quite the same meaning as the single "extraordinary"). As I pointed out earlier, detail is of immense importance in judging the quality of furniture, and the handles in this perfect Chippendale piece—which unfortunately I cannot illustrate—are exactly as they should be.



FIG. 1. "THE CLASSIC TYPE OF SOFA-TABLE": TWO COLUMNS SPREADING OUT INTO TWO FEET AT EACH END.

"Good tailoring applies to more than clothes, and a good table, like a good suit, should not be too conspicuous," writes Frank Davis. He points out that detail in ornamentation is immensely important, and instances that the "discreet reeding, ending in paw feet" on the legs of this mahogany piece "catches the light and carries the eye downwards."

Fig. 1 can be described as the classic type of sofa-table—I suppose it would be reasonable to say style of Hepplewhite: two columns spreading out into two feet at each end. Fig. 2 shows another sort of construction—two columns at each end and each pair joined by a turned stretcher. Needless to add that the stretchers in both pieces are there



FIG. 2. CONSTRUCTED WITH TWO COLUMNS AT EACH END, EACH PAIR JOINED BY A TURNED STRETCHER: ANOTHER TYPE OF MAHOGANY SOFA-TABLE WITH A COROMANDEL WOOD BORDER.

The coromandel wood border of this table provides a gleam of soft light in so plain a piece, a function which is carried out by the circular ormolu handles of the table illustrated in Fig. 1.

whether it is lightish or darkish—has a sober warmth possessed by no other wood in quite the same degree. The second is the figure of the wood—the agreeable grain of the material when it comes from a well-chosen plank. This can vary surprisingly, and much can depend upon the care with which the cabinet-maker chooses pieces of wood which repeat to some extent the pattern of their neighbours, or at least do not clash with them. Third comes what can be described as the architectural balance. This is not so simple as it seems. If it were, there would be many more harmoniously conceived pieces in existence.

Good tailoring applies to more than clothes, and a good table, like a good suit, should not be too conspicuous. Given all these three virtues, the piece can be hopelessly marred by ill-conceived detail, odds and ends of carving or inlay stuck on without regard to the balance of the thing as a whole; when such ornamentation is carried out with discretion it can add greatly to—what is the word?—to the general effect of suavity. For example, the legs of Fig. 1 would be well enough if they had been left perfectly smooth. As it is, the discreet reeding, ending in paw feet,

for a purpose, not merely as ornament. I don't think there can be many people who have so profound a knowledge of wood that they can be confident about the type of mahogany used in any given piece of furniture. The two sorts are first the so-called Spanish, that is, West Indian mahogany, the grand wood which Sir Walter Raleigh found to his hand for ship repairs on a famous occasion. It did not begin to enter this country until the



FIG. 3. A VERY ELEGANT SOFA-TABLE IN ROSEWOOD: ILLUSTRATING THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION WITH FOUR LEGS SLOPING INWARDS TO A CENTRAL COLUMN SUPPORTING A CURVED CENTRE-PIECE. This very elegant sofa-table made of rosewood illustrates a third method of construction. The four legs "sloping inwards" to a short central column, and that supporting a curved centre-piece to carry the weight of the top on its two arms." [Illustrations by courtesy of Mallett and Sons.]



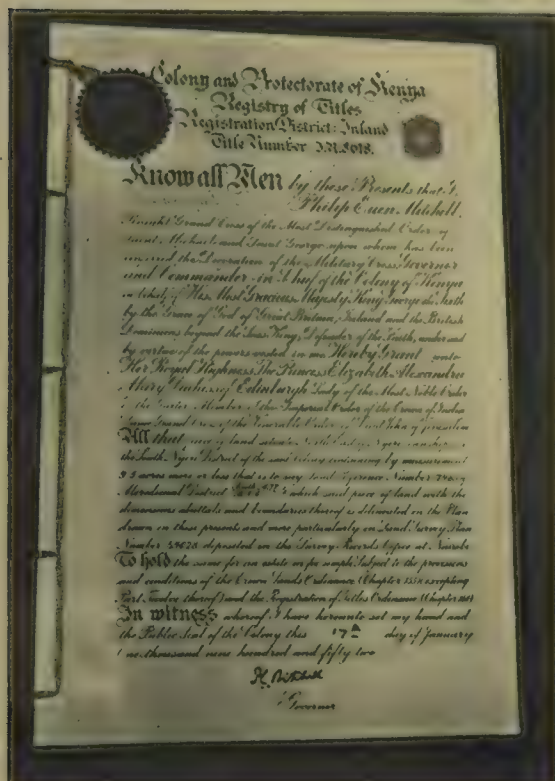
# THE ROYAL VISIT TO EAST AFRICA, AND SERIOUS DISORDERS IN TUNISIA.



GAILY DECORATED WITH COLOURFUL BANNERS ON EITHER SIDE; FINISHING TOUCHES BEING GIVEN TO A NEW ROAD IN KENYA WHICH IT WAS ARRANGED THAT PRINCESS ELIZABETH SHOULD OPEN.



A POINT OF VANTAGE FROM WHICH NATIVES OF KENYA HOPED TO OBTAIN A GOOD VIEW OF THE ROYAL ARRIVAL; A NATIVE COMPOUND AT THE EDGE OF NAIROBI AIRFIELD.



PREPARED IN LONDON FOR PRESENTATION TO H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH; THE TITLE-DEEDS OF THE LAND ON WHICH ROYAL LODGE, SAGANA, STANDS.

As recorded on other pages, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to reach Nairobi by air on February 1. A garden-party was arranged at Government House on the day of their arrival, and at this function the Speaker of the Legislative Council planned to present to her Royal Highness the key of Royal Lodge, Sagana, the Kenya Government's wedding gift. The Princess and the



SHOWING THE SPACIOUS LAWNS; A VIEW OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI, WHERE THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE ARRANGED TO ATTEND A GARDEN-PARTY ON FEBRUARY 1.



DUE TO BE PRESENTED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN-PARTY ON FEBRUARY 1; THE KEY TO ROYAL LODGE.

Duke have planned to leave Nairobi, where they were to be the guests of H.E. the Governor and Lady Mitchell, for Royal Lodge, to-day, February 2, and to stay there until February 7, when they are due to embark for Ceylon in the *Gothic*. The title-deeds to the estate were prepared in London for presentation.



DISORDERS IN TUNISIA; AN AIR VIEW OF A FREIGHTER TRAIN WRECKED BY SABOTAGE NEAR TUNIS. IT WAS CARRYING CONCRETE PIPES FROM TUNIS TO A DAM NEAR BY.

Nationalist agitation in Tunisia spread on January 23 to the south, and after serious rioting at Sousse, in which Colonel Durand, commander of the district, was killed, demonstrations occurred at Moknine, with further loss of life. Reinforcements have been sent to check the disorders throughout the



AWAITING ORDERS FROM NATIONALIST LEADERS; A CROWD IN TUNIS. RIOTING RESULTING IN DEATHS HAS OCCURRED, AND A FRENCH COLONEL WAS MURDERED AT SOUSSE.

Protectorate. On January 27 it was announced that senior officials had arrived in Tunis with a note to the Bey in which it was believed a definition was given of French policy towards Tunisia, and conditions were laid down under which conversations between the two countries could be resumed.



## THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE FRIENDSHIP.

"JOHN EVELYN AND MRS. GODOLPHIN"; By W. G. HISCOCK.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

READERS of Evelyn's "Diary" (of which it is pleasant to hear that there is a new edition in preparation) may remember various entries about Mary Blagge, a young Maid of Honour, who married Sidney Godolphin and died in childbirth in her twenty-sixth year. The first entry (though the wording suggests that he may have known her before) dates from June, 1669, when the girl was seventeen: "My wife went a journey of pleasure down the river as far as the Sea, with Mrs. Howard, and her daughter the Maid of Honour, and others, amongst whom that excellent creature Mrs. Blagge." Three years later he refers to her as "one I infinitely esteemed for her many and extraordinary virtues." After two years more he admires her performance in a Masque at Court; in 1675 he records her marriage to the astute and moderate man of whom King Charles said that he was "never in the way and never out of the way," and who was later to hold the highest office under

Against that bright and variegated Restoration background (and the active world does sometimes here come into the foreground) we are shown the history of a relationship of astonishing intensity between two people of very disparate age. Once it had dawned upon Evelyn that in Margaret Blagge, although she took part in the gaieties of the Court, he had met a most extraordinary person, and one capable of a degree of religious passion which he can seldom have encountered in the circles, however respectable, which he normally frequented, he took her by storm, and for long she seems to have been (though neither of them may have realised it) under his thumb. He visited her constantly, at one time weekly, and they prayed together with a fervour, a joy and a self-abasement exceeded by no sect of zealots. When they were apart they corresponded at length and with equal ardency. She became engaged to the always patient Sidney Godolphin and at one time the engagement looked like fading away, as, indeed, did Margaret, who grew more and more like a nun walking the world. Whether Margaret "on her own" resolved that no further good could be got out of so intimate a friendship, or whether Godolphin managed in some subtle way to draw her back, is not clear: something of both perhaps. But in the end she became a married woman and he continued to be the father and husband he had long been.

I think that at first reading most of Evelyn's admirers may receive a shock from the perusal of this book and of Mr. Hiscock's analysis of "the falsities of Evelyn's equivocal biography." There is something repugnant about this attempt by an elderly man, none the less because genuine spiritual zeal was involved in it, to monopolise a young girl, and, while living his own full domestic and public life, to seclude her in a sort of private Agapemone for the two of them. Mr. Hiscock sees his selfishness as persisting even beyond the grave: "Why should Evelyn write the history of Margaret's life, a life in which his own aspirations were so bitterly unfulfilled? We have seen that she escaped him in life; in death he would recapture her. In the new and promising interest of Godolphin's acceptance of his friendship, any sense of frustration or bitterness slowly faded, and in a resurgence of sublimation he now decided to translate her into a saint in print, from which there could be no second escape. In this act, in giving her the glory which he would himself share, he would also put a halo on his disappointed head."

but very precocious, she met him half-way. She already had the reputation of a saint at Court before he met her: "To rise early for prayer she would instruct a sentry to pull at an appointed hour, a thread passed through her bedroom keyhole and attached to her arm." He, who detested the King's rabble of hussies, was bound to be attracted by one who instructed herself: "Be sure never to talk to



MR. W. G. HISCOCK, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. W. G. Hiscock served in the R.N.R. in World War I. He worked at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, 1924-28; and has been Deputy-Librarian at Christ Church, Oxford, since 1928. His publications include: "David Gregory, Isaac Newton and Their Circle"; "The Balliol Rhymes" and "A Christ Church Miscellany."



JOHN EVELYN, AGED SIXTY-EIGHT.

(From the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller at Christ Church.)



MARGARET BLAGGE, c. 1674.

(From the portrait after Mary Beale at Stonor Park.)

the Crown. A few more entries about her charity to the poor, and various meetings with her, and then, in September, 1678, there comes the calamity of her death and a remarkable outburst. She died, he wrote, "to the inexpressible affliction of her dearest husband and all her relations, but of none in the world more than of myself, who lost the most excellent and inestimable friend that ever liv'd. Never was a more virtuous and inviolable friendship; never a more religious, discreet and admirable creature, beloved of all, admired of all, for all possible perfections of her sex. She is gon to receive the reward of her signal charity, and all her other Christian graces, too blessed a creature to converse with mortals, fitted as she was by a most holy life to be received into the mansions above. She was for witt, beauty, good-nature, fidelity, discretion, and all accomplishments, the most incomparable person. How shall I ever repay the obligations to her for the infinite good offices she did my soule by so oft engaging me to make religion the terms and tie of the friendship there was between us. She was the best wife, the best mistress, the best friend that ever husband had. But it is not here that I pretend to give her character, having design'd to consecrate an account of her worthy life to posterity."

The "Life of Mrs. Godolphin" was duly written; but "posterity" had to wait rather a long time for it. It was not until 1847 that it was first published to the world by Bishop Wilberforce—whom, by the way, Mr. Hiscock might have mentioned. The story of the relationship of this devout young Maid of Honour and the grave and busy scholar who was over thirty years older than her has now been greatly illuminated by "new" letters and other material which Mr. Hiscock has been permitted to use by the present Mr. John Evelyn of Wotton. There are few of Evelyn's letters; he kept copies of few; but there are many beautiful pages from her.



SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

(From an engraving after the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

Sidney Godolphin, the first Earl of Godolphin, was born in 1645 and died in 1712. He married Margaret Blagge in May 1675. On September 3, 1678, she gave birth to a son, Francis, and died six days later. Francis, afterwards second Earl of Godolphin, married in 1698, Lady Henrietta, eldest daughter of John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough.

(Illustrations reproduced from the book "John Evelyn and Mrs. Godolphin"; by courtesy of the publisher, Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

On second thoughts this seems to me rather harsh. However wildly and inconsiderately the normally reserved and high-minded Evelyn may have let himself go in this highly sublimated affair, there can be no doubt that the exaltations and agonies he shared with her were genuine or that he had the greatest reverence for her. And, in a sense, young as she was

the King when they speak filthily, tho' I be laughed at"; and it must be remembered that it was the "continual persuasion" of his wife that first drew his attention to Margaret's signal virtues. Nor, although he might have diverted her from marriage and damaged her health with the mortifications he prescribed, can we fairly view this relationship as one from which he alone derived pleasure or benefit. She escaped him at last, and it was just as well; but she cannot have met many people to whom she could have written so naturally as she wrote to him, and, for a time at least, she shared his vision and rejoiced that she could penetrate through his outer shell to the mystical soul beneath: "I protest for all the treasures of the world I would not but have known you; not as other people, who wish it to hear you talke of trees and plants, secrets in natuer: and discours with you that they may the beter entertain others: but I love to hear you becaus often 'tis of god—to se you becaus it puts me in mind of the joy the primitive christians tooke in seing one another." What more might we learn did a diary of hers come to light! And how one is tempted to wonder what figure this remarkable girl would have cut had she not perished young!

It is a fascinating book, and would be even were the parties concerned less well known. Mr. Hiscock supplies his connections very unobtrusively, and manages with a minimum amount of footnotes. One point puzzles me. He says point blank: "Godolphin never married again." Some faint memory made me uneasy at the statement: I referred (having no "Complete Peerage" at hand) to the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and there I found: "Godolphin married Margaret Blagge, whose life was written by Evelyn, on May 16, 1675, and married again after her death in 1678." One statement or the other must be correct: we can hardly say that both statements have an element of truth in them.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 189 of this issue.

\* "John Evelyn and Mrs. Godolphin." By W. G. Hiscock; Illustrated. (Macmillan; 20s.)



NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HOME AND ABROAD:  
THE UNITED STATES, ITALY AND ENGLAND.



WRECKED BY AN AIRCRAFT CRASH IN WHICH ALL TWENTY-THREE PERSONS ON BOARD WERE KILLED: HOUSES IN ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.



SET ALIGHT BY PETROL FROM THE CRASHING AIRCRAFT: BLAZING BUILDINGS IN THE CENTRE OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, ON JANUARY 22.

An American Airlines transport aircraft with twenty-three persons on board crashed on January 22 in the centre of Elizabeth, New Jersey. All were killed, including Mr. Robert P. Patterson, former U.S. Secretary of War, who was a passenger. At least seven residents of Elizabeth lost their lives.

CONSTRUCTED BY THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY TO HELP IN THE STUDY OF SILTATION AND POLLUTION PROBLEMS: A MODEL OF THE RIVER THAMES AT THE ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK.

The model of the River Thames which has been constructed by the Port of London Authority, at the Royal Victoria Dock, under the direction of Sir Claude Inglis, Director of Hydraulic Research at the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, is one of the largest tidal models in the world. The Thames model, which is 400 ft. long, is primarily for the study of dredging problems. Each year the Authority has to remove nearly 3,000,000 cubic yards of silt from the docks and river at a cost of about £500,000. The model will also be used to determine periods of retention in the river of liquids discharged at various places, and in different states of the tide. Sir John Anderson, Chairman of the P.L.A., said on January 25 that pollution had assumed special prominence recently because of discharges into the river of warm water from power stations.



BUILT FOR UNDER £1000 EACH IN TWELVE WEEKS: TWO "PEOPLE'S HOUSES" AT DESFORD, LEICESTERSHIRE, WHICH WERE OPENED BY MR. MACMILLAN.

Mr. Macmillan, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, opened two examples of the "People's House" on January 23. They were both built for £970 each in twelve weeks at Desford, Leicestershire, by the Market Bosworth Rural Council. The rents are 12s. 6d. a week, exclusive of rates. Each house has three bedrooms, a bathroom and a separate lavatory, with a living-room, a dining annexe, and a kitchen. Mr. Macmillan described the houses as "pioneers."



ON HER SIDE IN THE WATER IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING LAUNCHED AT NAPLES ON JANUARY 23: THE 480-TON TANKER PIERO RIEGO GAMBINI AFTER LEAVING THE SHIPBUILDING YARD.

The 480-ton tanker *Piero Riego Gambini* capsized as soon as she reached the water after being launched at the San Pellegrino shipbuilding yard in Naples on January 23. As the last blocks were taken away the ship heeled over and went down the slipway listing to starboard. Officials, workmen, women and children who had been allowed on board for the launching were thrown into the harbour. A dozen workers who were below decks were trapped, but all were rescued by harbour craft and firemen.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE 28TH CHIEF OF MACLEOD: MRS. MACLEOD OF MACLEOD WITH HER GRANDSON JOHN.

A gathering of the Clan MacLeod was held in London at the Royal Empire Society Building on January 22. Mrs. Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, 28th Lady of Dunvegan and Chief of MacLeod came down from Skye for the occasion. Her grandson, John Gordon, born in 1935, twin son of her younger daughter, Mrs. Robert Wolrige Gordon, will eventually succeed.



LORD CHAPLIN.

Recommended for election as Secretary of the Zoological Society of London in succession to Dr. Sheffield A. Neave, who is retiring. Lord Chaplin has been a member of the Council since 1950, and from 1934 to 1938. His zoological interests are wide, but perhaps principally in birds, reptiles and amphibians.



HR. SVEINN BJÖRNSSON.

Died at Reykjavik on January 24, aged seventy. He had been President of Iceland since the Republic was established in 1944, having been re-elected in 1949 for four years. In 1940 he was appointed permanent adviser to the Government on foreign affairs. In 1941 he was elected the first Regent of Iceland.



MR. MARTIN HARDIE.

Died on January 20, aged seventy-six. He was Keeper of the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design in the Victoria and Albert Museum from 1921 until he retired in 1935. An etcher, water-colour painter and author, he was an authority upon the history of the British school of water-colour painting.



MAJOR-GENERAL GUY DAWNAY.

Died on January 19, aged seventy-three. After a distinguished career in the Army he became a notable figure in the City. He was chairman of Dawnay, Day and Co., investment bankers, and the Army and Navy Stores. Until the beginning of January he was also chairman of Gordon Hotels.



GERMANY'S FIRST ENVOY TO SOUTH AFRICA SINCE THE WAR: HR. R. H. J. HOLZHAUSEN.

Our photograph shows Hr. R. H. J. Holzhausen arriving recently at Government House, Cape Town, to present his credentials to the Governor-General, Dr. E. G. Jansen, as the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Federal Republic of Germany. Hr. Holzhausen is the first German envoy to present his credentials since the outbreak of World War II.



KILLED IN AN AIR CRASH ON JANUARY 22: MR. ROBERT PATTERSON.

One of the twenty-three persons killed on January 22, when an Airlines aircraft crashed in the centre of Elizabeth, New Jersey, Mr. Robert Patterson was U.S. Secretary of War from 1945 to 1947, and previously Under-Secretary for War. Born in 1891, he was called to the New York State Bar in 1915, but interrupted his career to serve in World War I. From 1930 to 1940 he was a judge in New York.



THE TALKS ON THE PROPOSED CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION: A GROUP AT THE COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS OFFICE IN LONDON ON THE OPENING DAY, JANUARY 22.

Talks on the proposed Federation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland opened at the Commonwealth Relations Office on January 22. Our group shows (l. to r.) Sir Geoffrey Colby, Governor of Nyasaland, Lord Ismay, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, Sir Godfrey Huggins, Premier of Southern Rhodesia, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, and Sir Gilbert Rennie, Governor of Northern Rhodesia. The economic advantages of federation are obvious, but African opinion is said to be opposed to it on account of possible political implications.



TO "REORGANISE THE MALAYAN POLICE": COLONEL A. E. YOUNG.

Commissioner of Police for the City of London since 1950, Colonel A. E. Young has been granted leave of absence for a period not exceeding twelve months to "reorganise the Malayan police." Last July, Colonel Young was released by the Court of Common Council to advise the Government of the Gold Coast on the future organisation and training of the police force there. He was recently awarded the King's Police Medal.



NOW A WARDEN OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, REGENT STREET: MISS DOROTHY L. SAYERS

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, the well-known writer of detective novels and religious plays, has been made a Warden of St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street, London, where her play "The Emperor Constantine" is to be presented. Our photograph shows Miss Sayers, with the Vicar of St. Thomas's, the Rev. Patrick McLoughlin.



TO BE AMBASSADOR TO POLAND IN SUCCESSION TO SIR CHARLES BATEMAN: SIR FRANCIS SHEPHERD.

Sir Francis Shepherd, who was appointed Ambassador to Teheran in January, 1950, and has been the senior British representative in Persia throughout the oil dispute, is to be Ambassador to Poland, in succession to Sir Charles Bateman, who is retiring. Sir Francis, who is fifty-nine, left Teheran on January 28 to take up his new post.

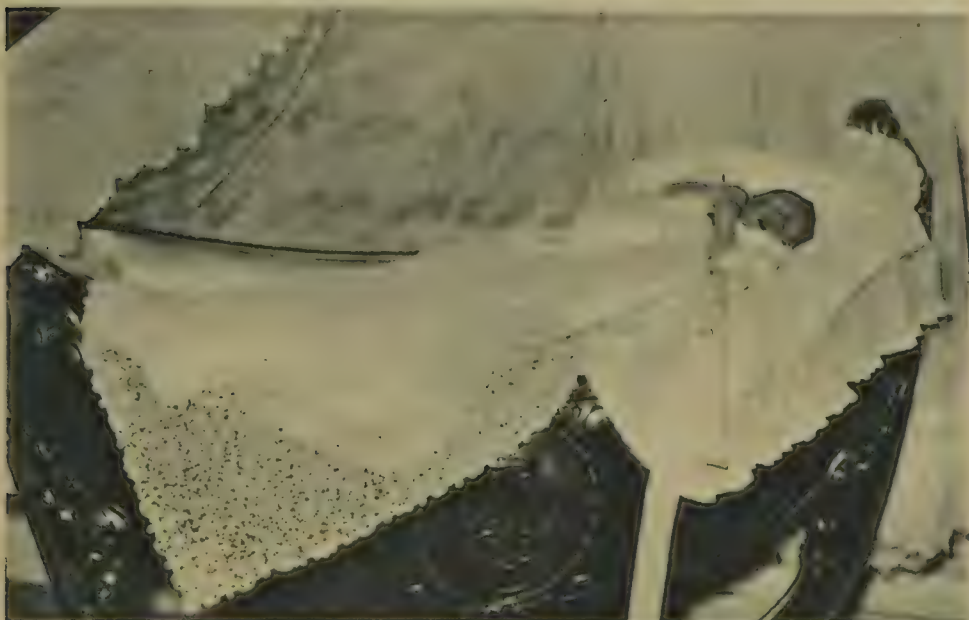


DIED IN NEW YORK ON JANUARY 27: MISS FANNIE WARD, THE ACTRESS CELEBRATED FOR HER YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Born in 1872, Miss Fannie Ward retained her youthful appearance for many years. She made her stage debut when eighteen in New York, and appeared in successes in London and America, including "The Shop Girl," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" etc. She married twice, and her only child, Lady Plunket, was killed in an air crash.



# EGYPT'S CROWN PRINCE, AND NEW PRIME MINISTER: REJOICING IN CAIRO, AND THE RIOTS' AFTERMATH.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF EGYPT: AHMED FUAD, EMIR EL SAID, WHO WAS BORN ON JANUARY 16 AT THE ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO, AND THUS SECURES THE DIRECT SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF EGYPT.



AN HEIR TO THE THRONE OF EGYPT: KING FAROUK WITH QUEEN NARRIMAN AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY ON MAY 6 LAST YEAR. HER FIRST CHILD, A BOY, WAS BORN ON JANUARY 16.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF EGYPT: ALY MAHER PASHA, WHO FORMED A CABINET OF INDEPENDENTS ON JANUARY 27 AT THE KING'S REQUEST.



LISTENING WHILE THE PREMIER, NAHAS PASHA, READS THE KING'S SPEECH: KING FAROUK AT THE OPENING OF A NEW SESSION OF PARLIAMENT IN NOVEMBER 1951.



DISMISSED FROM OFFICE BY KING FAROUK ON JANUARY 27 FOR FAILING TO MAINTAIN PEACE AND ORDER: NAHAS PASHA, THE EX-PRIME MINISTER.



AN OCCASION FOR JOY IN CAIRO: VILLAGERS AND TOWNSPEOPLE CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF PRINCE AHMED FUAD ON JANUARY 16, WHEN THE CITY WAS *EN FÊTE*.

Following the birth of an heir to the Egyptian throne on January 16, an event which strengthens the one stable factor in Egyptian national life, Cairo was *en fête* and villagers mingled with the townspeople to celebrate the occasion. Some brought shot-guns into the city and discharged them into the air as a sign of rejoicing. Sweets were dropped from a helicopter to the people assembled outside the Abdin Palace. The boy has been named Ahmed Fuad, after his grandfather,



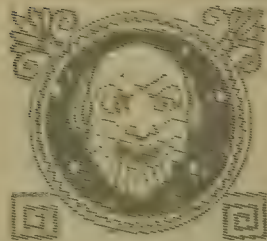
CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF THE CROWN PRINCE: THE CREW OF A HELICOPTER DROPPING SWEETS TO THE MERRYMAKING CROWD OUTSIDE THE ABDIN PALACE.

King Fuad, and as heir to the throne will bear the traditional title of Emir el Said. Cairo, however, was the scene of looting, rioting and arson on January 26, which forced King Farouk to proclaim martial law throughout Egypt, and on January 27 he dismissed Nahas Pasha from the office of Prime Minister for failing to maintain peace and order in the country, and called on Aly Maher Pasha to form a new Ministry. The new Prime Minister made an appeal for law and order by radio.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



## MINACK AND MESSINA.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE just come back from the most surprising open-air theatre in England, the Minack, on the Cornish cliffs. Miss Dorothy Cade, its founder and maker, has presented it to the Cornwall Council of Social Service: a royal gift.

The last time I saw the Minack was on a night of August, with a calm moon rising after a day of storm. Now it was a January afternoon. Hardly a person stirred on the roads of West Penwith as we drove out from Penzance towards Land's End. At Porthcurno the day had an icy glitter; the wind seemed to be frost-flaked. Porthcurno beach, where pale green water laps the shore and the fine shell-sand curves round towards the battlemented wall of Treryn Dinas, had not a single man-Friday footprint.

From the cliffs, we looked down on the Minack amphitheatre among the granite boulders, upon terraced seats, the crescent-stage backed by its formal pillars and balustrading, and beyond them the ice-blue, ice-green of the heaving sea, the natural cyclorama behind the Minack rock. Out upon one side, the cliff castle, Treryn Dinas; away on the other, Tol-Pedn-Penwith. It was queerly romantic, on this winter day, to be standing in the isolation, close to the very toe of Cornwall, above an empty and enchanted theatre—one made to be filled with the sound of verse in unison with the eternal sighing of the wave. That evening, when it was dark and windy, with the lizard light flicking away in the east, far across the water, we sat round a log-fire and talked of the plays the Minack might present. "The Tempest" has been staged there, and most reasonably, for this place has the remoteness and the sea-sense of Prospero's isle. The list has included, also, such plays as "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Trojan Women," and two treatments of the legend of Tristan, one of them John Masefield's, and the other a piece by Nora Ratcliff which I saw at the Minack last August.

What amateurs will do there in the future is a matter for speculation. Much has to be considered before plans can be clarified and announced. But it was pleasant to let imagination roam, to fill that turf-stage on the cliff-edge with a host of wandering players. One of us suggested "Cymbeline," another "Lysistrata," another "Love's Labour's Lost."

And I thought for a fleeting moment of "Much Ado About Nothing," which I had seen in London a few days before. It is a very long way from Cornwall to Messina of the Renaissance, from the gay elegance of the Shakespearean comedy to the granite and the plaining gulls of the Minack. Maybe. But on a soft night of summer, the air very still, "hushed on purpose to grace harmony," Benedick and Beatrice might well fight the merry war on that turf-ledge, and Dogberry could give that solemn-pompous lecture upon the whole duty of a watchman.

Next day, while we were speeding back through Cornwall, with Porthcurno and the Minack away behind us in their remoteness of sea and sky, we were within hail of the little village in which Henry Irving was brought up. I remembered again how John Penberthy, the mining "captain" who was the son of Sarah Behenna, Irving's aunt, had come round to the Lyceum in the autumn of 1882 to see his "cousin Johnny." The play then was "Much Ado About Nothing," and Bram Stoker

has described how he took Penberthy to the wings to watch the Church scene.

"He got deeply interested in the scene going on," Bram Stoker wrote, "and now and again, as I stood behind him, I could see his strong hands closed and hear him grind his teeth. When . . . Irving and Ellen Terry were bowing in the glare of the footlights amid a storm of applause, Captain Penberthy turned to me, his face blazing with generous anger, and said in his native Cornish accent which he had never lost:



"A REVIVAL OF RARE SPIRIT: ONE THAT DOES HONOUR TO STRATFORD, WHERE IT WAS BORN AND BRED . . . TO MARIANO ANDREU, THE DESIGNER; AND TO THE WEST END THEATRE": "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING LEONATO (LEWIS CASSON) WELCOMING DON PEDRO (PAUL SCOFIELD).



"MR. GIELGUD HAS DIRECTED THE HIGH COMEDY MOST SURELY AND DELICATELY, AVOIDING FALSE EMPHASES AND NEVER LETTING THE THING WANE TO SKITTISH FARCE": "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH DON JOHN (MICHAEL GOODLIFFE; LEFT) TELLS DON PEDRO (PAUL SCOFIELD; RIGHT) IN CLAUDIO'S (ROBERT HARDY) PRESENCE THAT HERO IS DISLOYAL. MR. TREWIN SAYS, OF THIS REVIVAL, THAT "ITS TRIUMPH NOW RESTS LARGELY UPON GIELGUD'S OWN BENEDICK . . . AND UPON DIANA WYNYARD'S BEATRICE."



"THE BEST LONDON REVIVAL FOR YEARS OF THE COMEDY OF THE MERRY WAR": "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," IN WHICH DIANA WYNYARD AS BEATRICE, AND JOHN GIELGUD AS BENEDICK, "ACT TOGETHER WITH INFINITE FINESSE"—A SCENE FROM WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY IN WHICH BEATRICE REBECKES BENEDICK TO KILL CLAUDIO.

"It was a damned good job for that cur Claudio that I hadn't my shootin' irons on me. If I had I'd soon have blasted hell out of him."

"That cur Claudio," though done at the Phoenix more plausibly than usual (the actor is Robert Hardy), is a singularly unlovable figure. No doubt, in the wars he served "beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion."

But in the comedy he appears as a weak young man who will believe any botched-up plot. Tell him that Hero is disloyal, and he accepts it at once; he is easy meat for the motiveless villain, Don John, who is eager for any sort of mischief, and who has no reason for baiting Claudio except the fact—tossed off in an early speech—that "the young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him in any way, I bless myself every way."

Lewis Carroll noticed the absurdity of the plot long ago when he wrote to Ellen Terry and suggested that Beatrice, in the Church scene, should have replied for Hero:

But, good my lord, sweet Hero  
slept not there:  
She had another chamber for the  
niece.  
'Twas sure some counterfeit that  
did present  
Her person at the window, aped  
her voice,  
Her mien, her manners, and hath  
thus deceived  
My good Lord Pedro and this  
company?

There, presumably, the play would have ended. The plot is sheer crazy-week; but any good performance can make us accept it, and the present "Much Ado" revival at the Phoenix, one or two passages aside, is more than just serviceable: it is often astonishing.

"Q" said once that, in discussing the comedy's acting value and the "merry war," people forget too often that this is "the most Italianate play in the canon, and actually the closest to the spirit of the Renaissance." But we do not forget that spirit—"so peculiar

in essence and so volatile"—at the Phoenix. John Gielgud, whose production matches his imagination as an actor, finds here and, moreover, holds every quality of "Much Ado": a play that, in expert performance, has been absent too long from the London stage. Its triumph now rests largely upon Gielgud's own Benedick, his vocal subtlety, the fencer's turn of the wrist with which he thrusts home the lines: and upon Diana Wynyard's Beatrice, who has read the great part in the light of its most famous phrase, "Then there was a star danced, and under that was I born." Beatrice must be able also to carry the indignation of the Church scene. Here Miss Wynyard and Mr. Gielgud act together

with infinite finesse. The Benedick does not raise that deadly laugh at "Ha! not for the wide world."

Throughout, Mr. Gielgud has directed the high comedy most surely and delicately, avoiding false emphases and never letting the thing wane to skittish farce. His production of the beginning of the fifth act is an example. This is often gratefully uneven in performance: under Mr. Gielgud's hand it flows.

The company has the benefit of Sir Lewis Casson's civilised Leonato and Paul Scofield's beautifully-considered Don Pedro. Its weaknesses at present are the Hero—Dorothy Tutin, an actress of ability, is a pale figure in this part—and the Dogberry, of whom George Rose makes a too self-conscious grotesque.

But, all said, it is a revival of rare spirit: one that does honour to Stratford, where it was born and bred (in 1949 and 1950, with different casts); to Mariano Andreu, the designer; and to the West End theatre. And, in spite of its much-mocked plot, the play comes through strongly. I can still visualise this Italianate comedy of sunshine-in-Messina upon that terraced cliff in far western Cornwall.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

KATHERINE DUNHAM (Cambridge).—The return of an exciting dancer and her company. (January 8.)

"IN SEARCH OF YESTERDAY" (New Lindsey).—A case of amnesia: the man who might or might not have been a stockbroker or a flour-miller-from-Yeovil. Andrew Osborn acted movingly in a curious drama by Edgard Miranda. (January 8-19.)

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (Phoenix).—The best London revival for years of the comedy of the Merry War: John Gielgud appears with Diana Wynyard in the production he created at Stratford. A different cast, but the Andreu costumes and settings. (January 11.)

"THE LOVING-ELMS" (Embassy).—Yet again, who killed Cock Robin? As no one really cares, the evening is wasted—in spite of first-rate performances by Valerie White and James Carney. (January 15.)

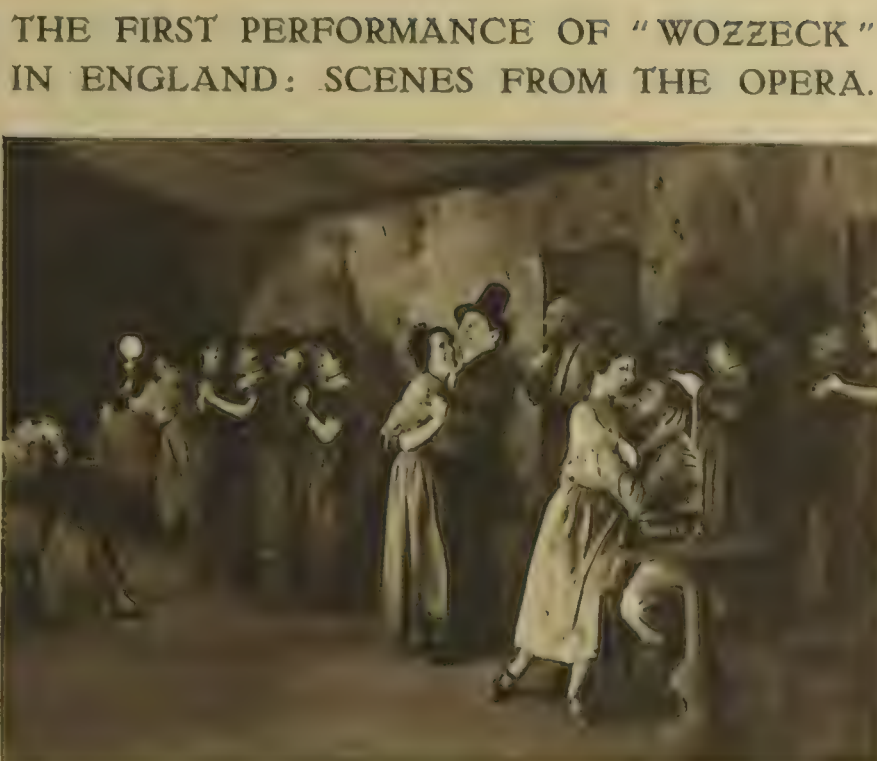
"ANGRY DUST" (New Torch).—A thesis-play about illegal operations: clumsily-contrived, but thoroughly sincere, and with an excellent part in a broken barrister, acted by Richard Baldwin. (January 16.)

"THE LION AND THE UNICORN" (New Lindsey).—One good situation in a verbose drama by Michael Oldham. (January 22.)





ACT II., SCENE 1: WOZZECK (MARKO ROTHMULLER) ENTERS MARIE'S (CHRISTEL GOLTZ) ROOM AS SHE IS ADMIRING SOME EAR-RINGS GIVEN TO HER BY THE DRUM MAJOR.



ACT III., SCENE 3: THE DANCE IN THE LOW TAVERN, WITH WOZZECK (JESS WALTERS) SEATED WITH MARGRET (MONICA SINCLAIR) ON HIS KNEE, AFTER THE MURDER OF MARIE.



ACT II., SCENE 2: THE DOCTOR (FREDERICK DALBERG) AND THE CAPTAIN (PARRY JONES) TAUNT WOZZECK (CENTRE) WITH INSINUATIONS THAT MARIE HAS BEEN UNFAITHFUL TO HIM.



ACT III., SCENE 3: IN THE TAVERN MARGRET (MONICA SINCLAIR) SEES BLOOD ON WOZZECK'S (JESS WALTERS) SLEEVE AND HE RUSHES OUT IN TERROR, PURSUED BY THE CRIES OF THE COMPANY.



ACT I., SCENE 4: THE DOCTOR TRYING OUT EXPERIMENTS IN DIETING ON WOZZECK, WHO THUS EARNS MONEY FOR MARIE AND THE CHILD.



ACT II., SCENE 5: THE DRUNKEN DRUM MAJOR (FRANK SALE) ATTACKS WOZZECK (JESS WALTERS) IN THE GUARDROOM AND HE SINKS DOWN EXHAUSTED WHILE HIS COMRADES LOOK ON.

On January 22 Alban Berg's opera "Wozzeck" was performed for the first time at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with Marko Rothmuller as Wozzeck and Christel Goltz as Marie, by whom he has had a child and who falls for the charms of the Drum Major. The opera was first performed in Berlin in 1925, when it was conducted by Erich Kleiber, who is the guest conductor for the present production. Wozzeck earns a few extra pence for Marie and the child by acting as a human guinea-pig for the Doctor, and he is also

the Captain's batman. These two taunt him with insinuations that Marie has been unfaithful and, inflamed by jealousy, he stabs her. Seeking forgetfulness in a low tavern, Margret sees blood on his sleeve and he rushes away in terror and, wading into the pool at the scene of the murder in search of the bloodstained knife, is drowned. Other performances of "Wozzeck" were arranged for January 25 and 30 and February 5, 13 and 18. Jess Walters is alternating with Marko Rothmuller in the name-part.





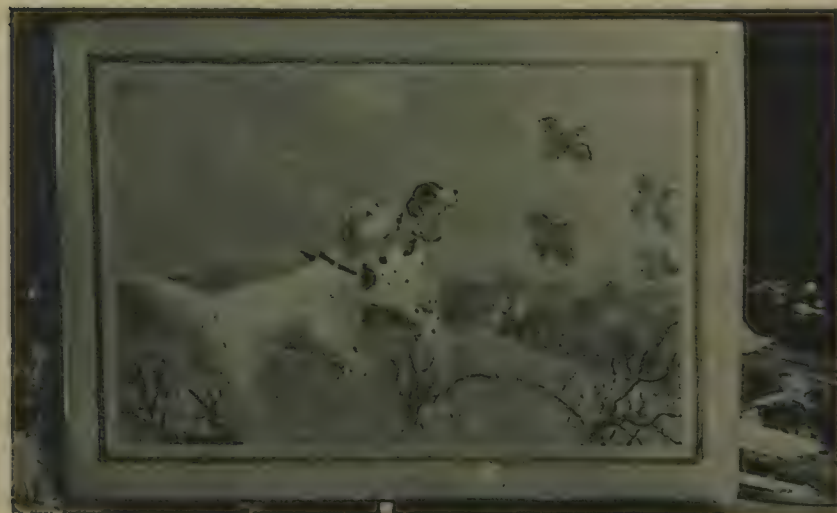
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The gingerbread house with windows of barley-sugar, inhabited by the fairy-tale witch in the wood, would have seemed a most ordinary cottage had it been on view at the National Hall, Olympia, in the *Salon Culinaire International de Londres* section of the Hotel, Restaurant and Catering Exhibition (January 23-February 1), in which culinary works of art by chefs and pastrycooks were shown in the competitive classes for cold dishes and on a *table d'honneur*. The dishes displayed included startling architectural models of cathedrals, palaces

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and other edifices in icing-sugar, mutton-fat or salt, "pictures" in marzipan, and processions, all of an edible nature. The last-named included a "Lobster St. Omer" borne by models of chefs constructed from lobster shells and claws, suitably preceded by a military band, as it was the work of the Army Catering Corps. The *Saumon Norvégienne* was by a Sheffield chef, and Balmoral by the British Railways Catering Executive. The Coronation Coach and St. Paul's Cathedral illustrated were shown on the R.A.F. Cookery Schools special stand.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NOT long ago we had a novel from America about the Red peril. In "Neither Five Nor Three," the theme was crypto-Communist infection of the public mind. Villains were laying a subtle hold on all the media of information—Press, wireless and the like. All anti-Communists, if I remember rightly, were sterling chaps. "Witch-hunting" and "hysteria" were mentioned only to be shrugged aside. It was a good story: what I should class as a substantial thriller.

And now we get it in reverse. "The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw (Cape; 15s.), shows us the witch-hunters in action, in the same field. And once again there is a thriller-element.

His hero, Clement Archer, used to teach history, but long ago forsook the classroom for the air. He now directs a weekly programme for a drug company. Suddenly, word comes down that five of the performers are to be thrown out. No need to give a reason; they have no contracts, and he had better leave it there. But Archer, naturally, wants to know why. All five are competent, and all but one are in the top class; what can be the idea of sacking them? And so he gets the truth: they have been charged with Communist affiliations. If they are still employed, a little magazine called *Blueprint* will denounce the programme.

Archer's first thought is to resign. He is an "old-fashioned liberal"; he still believes in tolerance, in freedom of opinion, in the right of suspects to a fair trial. Even supposing they are Communists—is it against the law? Can they infect the public mind in soap opera? And, anyhow, is *Blueprint* to be judge and jury? Yes, he is told, this year. This year the rules have changed; private morality is out; the bombs must fall, even if they destroy the innocent.

But Archer won't agree. One of the so-called Communists is his best friend; others are pitifully weak and helpless. He begs a fortnight's grace, to make his own inquiries and attempt to clear them. He has been well warned. And soon it all comes true; he is right up against the barrage, in the roar of guns, the screaming air, the fury of vituperation. There are no innocents; the age of innocence is past, and no one has a clean sheet.

But on the other hand, it is all talk. Archer discusses, interviews, and communes with his own mind—and for a long time with superb effect. Indeed, the interviews, so brilliant and dramatic, are the finest part. But when they yield to speeches and soliloquy, there is a loss of grip; the background has usurped the foreground, as it tends to do in war novels. And I think not by chance. That lack of distance and perspective, their inherent flaw, seems to be Mr. Shaw's delight; for it conduces to a moral welter, with the powers of darkness occupying the whole stage.

Yet all the same it is big stuff—powerful, acute and full of moral excitement. "Walk With the Devil," by Elliot Arnold (Constable; 10s. 6d.), is a small story; but again American, and on a kindred subject. In war, what should be done with the moralities of peace? Do they retain their force, or is it right to leave them in cold storage?

This time it is a fighting war. The scene is Italy. The Germans are being pushed back; and Guy, because of his Italian blood, is with the O.S.S. Guy is a lawyer, a convinced American, and honest as the day. His eldest brother went into crime, and made a fortune by it. Then he embarked on un-American activities; he started playing with Fascism. And when it came to that, the younger brother helped to deport him.

That was ten years ago. And now the army is advancing on a small town, where Bartolo is known to live. A deep ravine lies in the way, and if the bridge is destroyed the action will be slow and costly. Bartolo could protect it if he chose, and Guy is secretly despatched to bargain with him. Reward, immunity, return from exile—he can have them all. That is the moral dilemma. Guy loathes his task; he thinks the bargain scandalous; but then the lives—!

It is a thin little book, and even so it took a lot of padding. Apart from the fraternal melodrama, there are scraps of love, fleeting impressions of the war, sketches of men in uniform—and these are really the best part. For, after all the talk of a dilemma, I could see none. Of course Guy didn't like his job; of course the situation was humiliating; but I can't imagine why he thought twice.

"Shapeless Flame," by Oliver Walker (Werner Laurie; 11s. 6d.), is altogether about private living, and I liked it for that; it has become so modish to declare that private life is *vieux jeu*. But Mr. Walker's Owen has no sense of period. He is absorbed in being a young man; in pastime, avocations and immortal longings, and most especially in thoughts of love. In Cardiff, where he has grown up, he crickets, pub-crawls, plays in a band, and cultivates a *princesse lointaine*. Then comes T.B. After a year of exile on a Welsh mountain, he joins his family in Bristol. This is an idle, elegiac time; jobless, he mourns his own decay, scraps with his family, and feeds his craving for love on sentimental night-walks with the local barmaids. The last phase is South Africa, where he begins to thrive.

The background, one can see, is pure experience. So you may guess the weak points of the story; it has no form, and nobody but Owen is of any interest. But it has truth and talent, and every phase is good in itself.

"Alias Basil Willing," by Helen McCloy (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), rather let down my expectations of the author; I was not haunted. And yet it makes an admirable start, with Dr. Willing, the forensic psychiatrist, trailing his unknown, commonplace impersonator to a strange dinner-party in a strange, retired and dismal old house. The host, he learns, is also a psychiatrist; the rest are patients and their families. This is a new technique, by which the doctor can observe them in social life. After the comedy of rival Willings, there are more deaths than one: deaths which would never have been suspect, but for ill-luck. The story has a good and sinister idea; it is worked out with neatness and distinction—yet the spine does not crawl. Perhaps we ought to have been told the secret at an early stage. For this design is too fabricated.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

SOME enquiry about the laws or procedure of chess seems to reach me, on the average, about once every twelve hours or so throughout the year.

For instance, "Can there be more than one queen of the same colour on the board at the same time?" This is almost a hardy diurnal; judging by the frequency with which it is posed to me, there must be forty or fifty people tramping the country at this moment with this problem on their minds. Nor will their problem be very efficiently resolved if they are unlucky enough to confide it to the editor of a certain Australian newspaper, a cutting from which occupies an honoured place in my little museum of chess curiosities—for, kindly settling a backwoods argument, this editor had written and printed "Of course it is ridiculous to imagine that there can be more than one white queen on the board at a time." This is, of course, sheer nonsense. There *can* be more than one. When you get a pawn to the eighth rank you can make it into a queen, even if your original queen is still on the board. You can similarly promote a second pawn and have three queens, and so on. I once had six.

Chess-set manufacturers should be more generous and supply an extra queen or two per set. Many a time, even in international tournaments, I have seen an up-ended rook doing duty for a second queen.

Next in order of frequency comes "Can a pinned piece give check?" The answer is "Yes!"



White, being checked, interposes his bishop on the black square to the left of his king. In so doing he gives check to the black king; but novices often argue furiously, "You couldn't legally move your bishop now, so you aren't really checking me!"

No. The black king is in a check which must be attended to.

Castling is illegal if the king moves out of check or passes over a checked square; but you *can* castle though your rook be attacked or pass over an attacked square—some people have played for years, even become adepts, before learning this.



Assuming neither his king nor his rooks have moved already, there is nothing here to prevent Black from castling with either rook.

The above cases are clearly covered in the Laws of Chess. The "draw by repetition of position" law, however, has aroused endless disputes because some casual individual, about twenty-five years ago, in translating into English the French version of the law on which the International Chess Federation had agreed, managed to give it an entirely new meaning.

One fellow asked me plaintively, was it really essential for his knights always to be placed so that they faced the opposing king, for his opponent was always threatening to "huff" them off the board when they did not!

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## A RENAISSANCE DR. JOHNSON.

I ALWAYS like to think of Tintoretto as a kind of artistic Renaissance Dr. Johnson. Like Johnson, he made his place for himself "without one act of assistance, one smile of favour." He had an inferiority complex. He was rough and uncouth in his exterior, and took a perverse pleasure in it. He was a good traditional Christian in an age of unbelief. He had an excellent sense of humour, and beneath a bear-like exterior a great natural kindness. He was a genius. I am interested to see that Mr. Eric Newton, in his excellent "Tintoretto" (Longmans; 50s.), is inclined to agree with me, though uncouth, unpliant types like Tintoretto were rarer, as he points out, in the sixteenth than in the eighteenth century. Johnson, toiling away at his "Dictionary," and being one of the first men of English letters to keep himself, though poorly, by his pen without the aid

of a sinecure or a patron, is paralleled by Tintoretto's great feat of teaching himself his art. In both cases necessity was the mother of invention. In Johnson's he was "repulsed from the outer doors" of the house of the great Lord Chesterfield. In the case of Tintoretto, he was summarily ejected by Titian from the great man's "bottega" ten days after he had entered it as an apprentice. Here, however, the parallel ends to a certain extent—in Johnson, the art of writing was natural. For the young Jacopo Robusti, later called Tintore, and later still by the nickname Tintoretto, inability to find a master to whom to attach himself was the equivalent of artistic death. As Mr. Newton points out: "It is not easy to-day to imagine the state of mind of an artist of the early sixteenth century, who found himself cut off from the indispensable first stage of his career . . . in order to see Tintoretto's problem, one would have to visualise a young man, determined to become an aeronautical engineer, who was forbidden access to a university and could only obtain employment in an aeroplane factory as an unskilled labourer, who had only been given the briefest glimpse of the designing office, and was not on speaking terms with the head designer." It is little wonder, then, that Tintoretto, a beardless youth working in his improvised workshop, should have felt that his position was desperate, and that only pride and genius should carry him through. But the very exclusion of Tintoretto from Titian's studio, the very fact that he was thrown back on his own resources, enabled him to occupy a unique place in the history of Renaissance painting. On the walls of his room he wrote his grandiose aim: "Il disegno di Michel Angelo e'l colorito di Titiano." There is little doubt that he succeeded, but he did something more. He was an innovator without being a revolutionary. As he had no one to teach him, he used to make small models of figures in wax or clay in his "piccole case"—the little houses of wood or other materials which he constructed, and in which, with the aid of a lamp, he was able to study the effects of thrown light. As a result, he developed an entirely new conception of the use of light by the artist. Mr. Newton rebuts the suggestion that Tintoretto was a mere "mannerist." He believes that, on the contrary, because of his many innovations he was the forerunner of Baroque art, and the foreshadower of Rubens and Rembrandt. This book is as admirable as one would expect from the pen of so distinguished an art critic. It contains, of course, a most satisfying analysis of Tintoretto the artist, and, given the slender foundation on which any "Life" of Tintoretto must be based (for so little is known about this physically unattractive, irascible, kindly genius), an excellent picture of Tintoretto the man. I have only one small criticism to make. I am not sure that the illustrations, which are grouped together at the end of the book, are quite of the same high standard as the text.

Few institutions have come under more fire over so long a period and so imperturbably survive the slings of the Philistines and the arrows of the outrageous critics than the Royal Academy. Few, however, who attend its exhibitions or its soirées, held in that august building, have any knowledge of its history or of the corpus of famous artists which caused generation after generation of *avant-gardistes* to try and bring down its walls with the blowing of their own trumpets, only in the end either to join the hanging committee or vanish into the obscurity of Bloomsbury and Chelsea. A most interesting little book on the institution (it was first produced in 1935, but which now appears in an up-to-date form) is "The Royal Academy," by Sir Walter Lamb (Bell; 15s.). Sir Walter, who is secretary of the Royal Academy, traces its history presidency by presidency, beginning with Reynolds in 1768 and ending, perhaps a little tactfully, with Sir Edwin Lutyens, and thus stopping short of the memorable presidency of Sir Alfred Munnings. It is a mine of information about the Academy, pleasantly illustrated, and containing much useful history which will please the art lover and the student of our social scene. Modern R.A.s may take comfort from the fact that their tradition of cautious "middle-of-the-roadism" has evidently a most respectable history. As Sir Walter writes of Sir Joshua: "If Reynolds was careful to maintain a neutral position in party politics, he was equally cautious of forming any connections that were likely to involve him in the disputes then rife among artists." I like the quotation. I particularly like the word "then."

As Professor Julian Huxley says, in "Birds as Individuals," by Len Howard (Collins; 10s. 6d.), "I commend Miss Howard's observations to my professional biological colleagues as well as to the general public." I can scarcely do better than echo this encomium from so distinguished a source, except to say that I, for my part, was as delighted with the charm of the text as with Mr. Eric Hosking's quite remarkable photographs. The genuine affection shown by Miss Howard for her subjects, the small garden birds, an affection which was obviously returned—has been equally obviously matched by the skill and patience of Mr. Hosking.

Some little while ago I reviewed Volume I. of that monumental work, "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," by the late W. J. Bean, formerly the Curator of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. Two further volumes now appear, whose importance to the gardener, whether professional or amateur, can hardly be over-emphasised.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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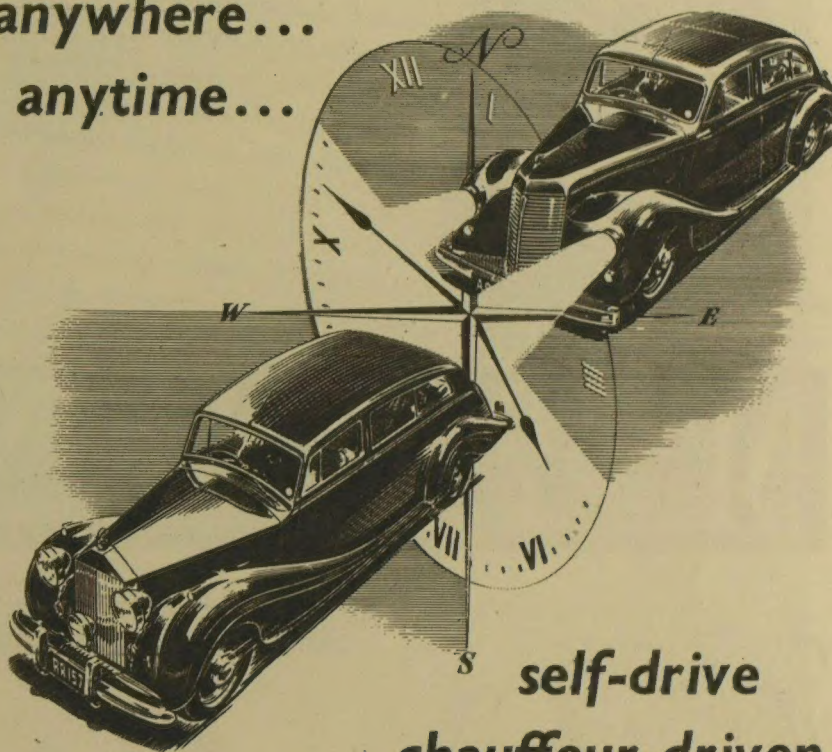
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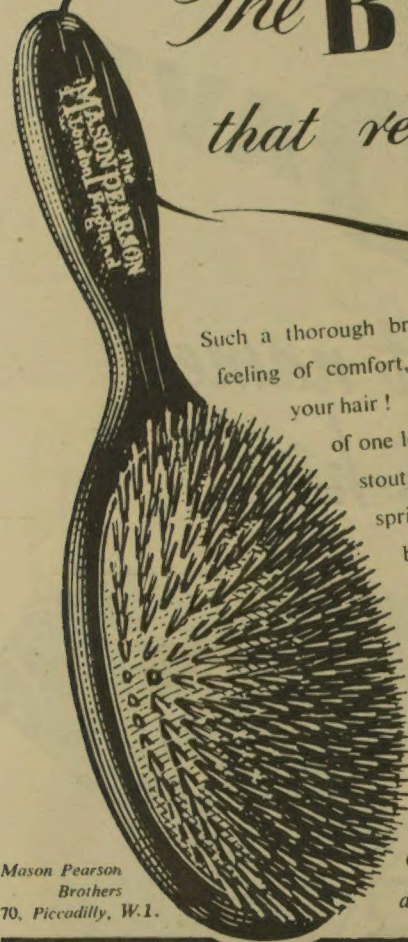
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